National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor. | Without Concealment---Without Compromise. | EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, } Corresponding Editors.

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Selections.

From The Liberator.

PUBLIC RECEPTION OF WILLIAM W. BROWN IN THE METROPOLIS OF ENGLAND.

At the Concert Room in Store Street, London—the venerable Dr. Oxley, of Hackney, in the Chair.

[CONCLUDED].

Mr. JONES then rose and said: Ladies and Gentlemen—With the greatest pleasure I move a vote of thanks to the Chairman; and in doing so, I hope I may be permitted but five minutes to make a few observations on what has fallen from the honorable gentleman. I have been charged, although a Protestant, with want of orthodoxy in another line of life, and wish simply here to make my canonical confession. [Hear, and laughter.] I abhor, from my very soul, every form of Slavery. I care not whether it is an abstract question or a practical wrong. I have ever used my pen and my speech against it. [Hear.] While I held property in Virginia, I refused to hold a slave. [Cheers.] Permit me, as a citizen of a country that has had to struggle this night as I have done, (and our classics teach us, as Mr. Thompson and our Chairman will corroborate the truth of what I assert,) our classical studies teach us, that the gods never viewed a more sublime position upon earth, than that of a man struggling against adversity. Then, I say, carry yourselves back to ancient Greece and Rome, and the gods never had a more sublime spectacle than to view me now, opposed as I am by every heart and hand in this assembly, because you thought I was wrong. [Cries of 'Oh, Oh;' 'No, no;' 'Yes, yes.'] You did. If I have misconceived you, I am sorry. I say, I yield to no man present, in my abhorrence of Slavery, and my devotion to freedom. [Hear, hear. A voice—'And fraternize with slaveholders in the South.'] Mr. Thompson said, that probably I had been present at the celebration of American Independence. With humility I speak it, I was selected to pronounce an oration upon that celebration, and I had a gold medal presented to me, as a testimonial of the fact. But, gentlemen, while I confess, I say, with humility, that fact, believe me, that personal honor would not have been given me, if I did not have a heart for my adopted land. Now, gentlemen, I ask you, if you blame the Americans for their Slavery, how came Slavery there? [A voice—'Hear, hear.'] Now sir, I ask you, [turning to Mr. George Thompson,] as a champion of freedom, notorious as the air throughout Europe, [prolonged cheering.] I call not upon George Washington, but upon George Thompson, to contradict my assertion if it is not true, and that assertion is comprehended in the phrase, How came Slavery in America? Gentlemen, our forefathers, Englishmen, Anglo-Saxons, placed that bloody spot there. In 1768, the Assembly of Virginia passed a resolution, unanimously, making the slave-trade piracy, and George the Third, and his noble ministers, refused to sign and ratify that resolution. [Hear, hear.] The year 1778 was the period of emancipation, not only of those poor petty provinces, the thirteen States, numbering in British settlers about three millions, now twenty-eight—but in 1776, those poor provinces were not alone emancipated; we emancipated our own land, and the Reform Bill is a consequence of that. Gentlemen, the United States of America, in 1808, passed a law, the first in the world, [let the spirit of Clarkson overawe this assembly to-night, and say it is a truth!] in 1808, the United States, I say, passed the first law in the world making the slave-trade piracy. Slavery, however, in America, is a domestic institution; and I say this from my experience of eighteen years in that country, that there is no owner of a slave who holds it for the slave's sake, but because slaves are that descendible property which has come down to him, and without which he could not live. [Cries of 'Texas, Texas.'] Yes, pardon me, gentlemen. ['Oh, Oh.'] Let the Northern States, while they preach Abolition, and while they take branches of olive in one hand, go with gold in the other, and purchase that slave, as you did here in your British Parliament, by giving twenty millions, which you are now paying taxes for. [A voice—'The more shame for us, for being such fools.'] The honorable gentleman who complimented me and my country, and I received his remarks, and thank him, Mr. Tindel Atkinson, I think is his name, [a voice—'Yes,'] he pointed, with great eloquence, to me, and said, 'Let that gentleman, when he returns to the United States, carry the principles involved in the case of Somerset along with him, where the noble Judge decided, that when a slave treads British soil, he is free.' Why, do you not remember the notorious case in America of the Spanish schooner carrying slaves from Africa to Cuba, and the black Prince and his followers rising at night, and murdering in cold blood the captain, officers and crew? There were none left to steer that vessel; all the sailors were gone; and the winds of heaven drove it on the shores of Connecticut, and when those slaves (by name, but by no man's right) landed on the Connecticut coast, they were free. [Hear.] The case was caried by the owners of the slaves to the Supreme Court at Washington, and the twelve Judges, [worthy of the days of the immortal Marshall,] decreed that slaves from foreign countries, when they touch our land of America, are free. Now, gentlemen, that is a truth. Well, then, George Washington, Mr. Thompson told you, lived and died a slaveholder, and yet Mr. Thompson described that man as next in perfection to that name which should scarcely ever be named in a public assembly. But what did George Washington do, the last time that he signed his name? Why, Mr. Thompson, in your admiration of our country,—which you have almost said you wished to live in,—why not, in justice to England, our own native land, tell this assembly, who are warm at this moment with friendly impulses towards you and your happiness,—why not tell them that George Washington emancipated his slaves? ['No, No.'] He did; the records of the land will prove it. [A voice—'Yes, after his own death.'] That was an example set by Washington, and hundreds have followed it, by wills to this day. Gentlemen, Slavery is a domestic institution; many of the States which were the owners of slaves, are now free from Slavery. But agitation, mark me, gentlemen, unless it is done with kind, Christian feeling, begets opposition in those Southern States. Man, poor man, is but weak; for,

'To err is human; to forgive, divine.'

I tell you from this platform, that any kind of meetings of agitation going forth to that land, that young nation, like any young man of spirit who has gained his independence by his own toil and struggle, is naturally proud to vindicate and keep it; and by such sentences as have been uttered here from this platform, to the effect that that land was a land of thieves and robbers, [loud cries of 'Hear, hear'—'Right, so it is,'] I say, that such sentences will not emancipate the slave, but make his emancipation hopeless; [cries of 'No, no,'] whilst if you use the kind words of charity and good feeling towards America, there will be a different result. Gentlemen, I have no more to say, but I will, in conclusion, remark, that all meetings should be conducted upon the high philanthropic principle of the emancipation of the slave. Why, gentlemen, while we thus speak of America, is there not any other country that we might speak of? We never think of the slave markets of Turkey. [Cries of 'Oh! Oh!' 'Question, question.' A voice—'Yes we do—we are opposed to Slavery all over the world.']

Mr. MCEVILLEY. Mr. Chairman—I submit that these remarks of the honorable gentleman are decidedly irrelevant to the subject of this meeting, which is American Slavery; and they are not an answer to any statements made by Mr. Thompson; they have no reference whatever to his remarks.

Mr. JONES. Well, it may be so. I rather think they were not strictly within the scope of the meeting. Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you and your worthy Chairman, and my honorable opponent, for having allowed me this opportunity of vindicating the conduct of America upon the slave question. As a citizen of America, I was bound in honor to do so. I beg leave to move a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

Mr. BROWN. Sir, I wish to make a remark or two in seconding the resolution which is now before the meeting. I am really glad that this meeting has produced this discussion, for I think it will all do good; in fact, I know it will, for the cause of truth. Reference has been made to Slavery having been carried to America by the sanction of this country. Now, that is an argument generally used in America by slaveholders themselves. [Hear, hear.] Go to the United States; talk to slaveholders about the disgrace of Slavery being found in a professedly Christian republic, and they will immediately reply. 'England imposed it upon us; Great Britain was the cause of it, for she established Slavery in America, and we are only reaping the fruits of her act.' Now, gentlemen, I would reply to our friend here, as I have replied to Americans again and again—If you have followed England in the bad example of the institution of Slavery, now follow her in the good example of the abolition of Slavery. [Cheers.] Some remarks were also made by that gentleman respecting the Americans having abolished the slave-trade. It is true that they did pass a law, but not in 1808, that the slave-trade should be abolished; they passed a law in 1788 that they would only continue the slave-trade for twenty years longer, and at the end of that period there should not be any more slaves imported into the United States. They said, 'We will rob Africa of her sons and daughters for twenty years longer, and then stop.' [Hear and laughter.] But why did they determine that the slave-trade should be put an end to? The honorable gentleman has not told you that. Why, it was to give to Virginia, Kentucky and Maryland a monopoly in the trade of raising slaves to supply the Southern market. [Cheers.] That was the reason, why they abolished the foreign slave-trade in America. They allowed the foreign slave-trade to be carried on for twenty years from that time, and during the whole of that period made those who were engaged in the infernal slave traffic pay a duty of ten dollars for every slave brought into the country, the whole of that money going into the exchequer of the United States. The Government said, 'We will have a tariff of so much per head upon God's children that are stolen from Africa, and the revenue derived therefrom shall be the support of the republican institutions of the United States.' [Hear, hear.] Do the Americans claim credit for an act like that? Claim credit for abolishing the foreign slave-trade! [Cheers.] Why, ladies and gentlemen, only a few years since, 40,000 slaves were carried out of the single State of Virginia, in one year, and driven off to the far South, to supply the market there. Claim credit for abolishing the slave-trade! Claim credit for husbands torn from their wives, and children from their parents! Claim credit for herds of human beings carried off in coffle gangs, and to be worked to death in the rice and cotton fields! That is the character of the domestic slave-trade now carried on, even in the capital of America. No, no; the people of the United States can claim no credit on that score. They can find no apology in the fact of Slavery being a domestic institution. A pretty 'domestic institution' truly! [Hear, hear.] Why, in 1847, only two years since, a woman and her daughter were sold in the very capital of America, in the very city of Washington, by the United States Marshal, on the 3d day of July, the day before the national anniversary of the glorious Declaration of Independence, by which all men were declared free and equal, and the product of the sale of these immortal beings was put into the treasury of the United States. That is one specimen among many of the working of the 'domestic institution' of America. [Cheers.] It dooms me, for example, to be a slave as soon as I shall touch any part of the United States. [Hear, hear.] Yes, Sir, it is indeed domestic enough; it is domesticated all over the country; it extends from one end of America to the other, and is as domesticated as the Constitution of the United States itself; it is just as domesticated as is the territory over which the United States Government have jurisdiction. Wherever the Constitution proclaims a bit of soil to belong to the United States, there it dooms me to be a slave the moment I set my foot upon it; and all the 20,000 or 30,000 of my brethren who have made their escape from the Southern States, and taken refuge in Canada or the Northern States, are in the same condition. And yet this American Slavery is apologized for as a 'domestic institution!' I am glad that our eloquent friend, Mr. Tohmpson, has impressed the fact upon your minds, that Slavery is a *national institution*, and that the guilt of maintaining it is *national guilt*. I am anxious that that circumstance should be understood, and that Englishmen should know, that the slave is just as much a slave in the city of Boston, of which this gentleman is just as much a citizen as he is in Charleston, South Carolina: he is just as much a slave in any of the Eastern States as he is in the Southern States. If I am protected in my person in the city of Boston, and if I have been protected there for the last two or three years, and the slaveholder has not been able to catch me and carry me back again into Slavery, I am not at all indebted for that privilege to the Constitution of the United States, but I owe it entirely to that public sentiment which my friend Mr. Thompson, at the peril of his life, so nobly helped to create in America. [Loud cheers.] I am indebted to the Anti-Slavery sentiment, and that alone, when I am in Boston itself, for the personal protection I enjoy. I cannot look at the Constitution or the laws of America as a protection to me; in fact, I have no Constitution, and no country. I cannot, like the eloquent gentleman who last addressed you, say—'I am bound to stand up in favor of America!' [Hear.] I would to God that I could; but how can I! America has disfranchised me, driven me off, and declared that I am not a citizen, and never shall be, upon the soil of the United States. Can I, then, gentlemen, stand up for such a country as that? Can I say anything in favor of a country that makes me a chattel, that renders me a saleable commodity, that converts me into a piece of property? Can I say anything in favor of a country, or its institutions, that will give me up to the slaveholder, if he can only find out where I am, in any part of America? Why I am more free here to-night, in monarchical England, than I should be in my own republican country! Whatever our friend from Boston may do, I would that I could say with him, 'I must, in honor, stand up in favor of America.' And yet I love America as much as he does. I admire her enterprising and industrious people quite as ardently as he can; but I hate her hideous institution, which has robbed me of a dear mother, which has plundered me of a beloved sister and three dear brothers, and which institution has doomed them to suffer, as they are now suffering, in chains and Slavery. Whatever else there may be to admire in the condition of America, at all events, I hate that portion of her Constitution. I hate, I fervently hate, those laws and institutions of America, which consign three millions of my brethren and sisters to chains for life. Talk about going to the slaveholders with money? Talk about recognizing their right to property in human beings! What! property in man! property in God's children! I will not acknowledge that any man has a right to hold me as property, till he can show his right to supercede the prerogative of that Creator whose alone I am. [Cheers.] Just read the letter which you will find in the preface to my narrative, where my own master has very kindy offered to sell me to myself for half price. [Laughter.] He imagines that the Anti-Slavery movement has depreciated his property in me, and therefore he offers to take half price for his runaway property. [Renewed laughter.] My answer to him was, that he should never receive a single dollar from me, or any one else in my behalf, with my consent. [Cheers.] I said so, because I am not willing to acknowledge the right of property in man under any circumstances. I believe that the same God who made the slaveholder made the slave—[hear, hear]—and that the one is just as free as the other.

Before resuming my seat, I would say to our friend from Boston, as I said to another gentleman a short time before I left America, who talked in a similar manner about the slave States, and the good treatment the slaves received, and so forth. At the close of a meeting, that gentleman rose, and requested permission to ask me some simple questions, which were as follows: Had I not enough to eat when I was in Slavery? Was I not well clothed while in the Southern States? Was I ever whipped? and so forth. I saw he only wanted a peg on which to hang a pro-slavery speech, but I answered his questions in the affirmative. He immediately rose and made a speech, in which he endeavored to make his audience believe that I had run away from a very good place indeed. [Laughter.] He asked them if they did not know hundreds and thousands of poor people in America and England, who would be willing to go into the State of Missouri, and there fill the situation I had run away from. [Cries of Oh, Oh!] A portion of the assembly for a moment really thought his plea for Slavery was a good one. I saw that the meeting was anxious to break up, in consequence of the lateness of the hour, and therefore that it would not do for me to reply at any length, and I accordingly rose and made a single remark in answer to his pro-slavery speech. I said, the gentleman has praised up the situation I left, and made it appear quite another thing to what it ever appeared to me when I was there; but however that may be, I have to inform him that that situation is still vacant, and as far as I have anything voluntarily to do with it, it shall remain so; but, nevertheless, if that gentleman likes to go into Missouri and fill it, I will give him a recommendation to my old master, and I doubt not that he would receive him with open arms, and give him enough to eat, enough to wear, and flog him whenever he thought he required it. [Loud cheers and laughter.] So I say to our friend from Boston, to-night, if he is so charmed with Slavery, he shall have the same recommendation to my old master. [Loud cheers.]

[The resolution was then put and carried unanimously, and the Chairman was about to return thanks, but was interrupted by loud cries for Mr. Brock.]

The Rev. Mr. BROCK, in compliance with the expression of feeling, then came forward and said:—Mr. Chairman, I came into the meeting at this late hour, on purpose to apologize for not having been here before; but I thought it better to be here late than never. [Cheers.] I wrote a letter to my friend Brown, which I hope satisfied him as to my absence; but I felt that as my name had been publicly announced, you would think, by hook or by crook, it was my duty to be here. I shall only say just one word, for after 10 o'clock, I have no right to say more. I have just two passages of Scripture which are my sheet-anchors in all these matters which you have been discussing to night:—"God hath made of one blood all the nations of men, to dwell upon all the face of the earth"—that settles the matter about one class of men holding another in Slavery. The other passage is this:—"As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." Now, I think that settles the rest of the matter. I do hope and trust, Mr. Chairman, that this meeting, interested as I quite perceive it has been with the proceedings of the evening, will not let the interest evaporate, or suffer what they have heard merely to terminate on itself; but that they will not *act* in regard to American Slavery, and Slavery all over the world, in the same manner as we were wont to act ten, fifteen, or twenty years ago. Why, my friends, I recollect the time when there was no keeping in public enthusiasm; when there was positively no keeping down the ardent feeling on the subject, either in England, Scotland or Ireland. As for public meetings, why, they went all to nothing ahead of the platform.—[Cheers and laughter.] We could not urge duty vehemently enough, we could not point out the course of duty with anything like sufficient activity and promptitude for the public feeling to adopt and carry it out. Unhappily, as my friend George Thompson knows, that feeling has gone down; I do not know why. [Hear, hear.] Now, if this meeting in the Music Hall, Store street, should be the means of this Anti-Slavery feeling springing up again, my friend Brown, I am sure, will be extremely glad, and we, I think, shall be somewhat honored: for, remember, whilst our Anti-Slavery feeling here has been getting languid, Slavery has been going on in America, and elsewhere, to a great extent; so that by thousands every year—I believe at the rate of 1000 every day—our fellow-creatures in Africa have been stolen, kidnapped, and carried across the Atlantic, and there sold as goods and chattels. I do not care to whom they have been sold; I know it was no voluntary act on the part of the slaves that they should be sold to any man. I would not sell myself to the best man in the world, and I do not believe they would either. [Cheers.] I hold this to be a great truth, that if you reduce a man to a thing, it is all over with him; you may cloth him with purple and fine linen, and feed him sumptuously every day; but you have denuded him of his humanity; you have put him down below the level of the brutes that perish; and though you may pamper to this taste, or pander to the other, you have, nevertheless, done that to him which God frowns upon, and which, sooner or later, he will make you account for at the tribunal of righteousness and truth. [Cheers.]—Well then, my friends, whenever you meet with any American citizens, (and there are a great many of them in England,) ask them what they think about Slavery; keep them to the question, and do not let them shirk it. Inquire of them if they vote Anti-Slavery; and unless they do, let them understand, unequivocally, without anything like rudeness, that you do not regard them as standing on the same platform as yourselves. [Cheers.]

A VOICE—There is one of that sort near you.

Rev. Mr. BROCK—O, well, let him speak, if he likes, after I have done. I should like nothing better than to have a pro-slavery man here foot to foot, and if I did not turn him inside out, why I know George Thompson would. [Loud cheers.] I say, let us make the American citizens who come to our country, whether we meet with them in our sanctuaries, markets, or places of merchandize, let us make them all feel, that if they are not Anti-Slavery at home, as well as in England, they are not our men. [Hear, hear.] Never shall the hour come, as far as I am at present enlightened, in which any man shall tread the floor of the pulpit that I occupy, or minister in the sanctuary where I am pastor, unless I get from him a distinct pledge, that he is out and out at home, where Anti-Slavery is unpopular, as well as here, where it seems to be very popular; that he will stand up for the right of man, abstractly and practically, to be his own property. [Loud cheers.] That he will claim for every man the right to do with himself just what seems good in his own sight, provided he trenches not on fair and equal laws for the benefit of society, he being answerable, in other respects, to no being in the universe, except that great God who made us all. [Cheers.] See that you do this, my brethren, and let us send the American pro-slavery citizens back, feeling that their pro-slavery feelings and their pro-slavery practices operate as a bar and interdict against them in all Christian and civilized society in England, so that when they come over here, instead of being smiled upon and caressed, they will be treated as they ought to be, as perpetrators of one of the greatest moral crimes. It is from the fact of our not having adopted this course, and tested Americans in this manner, that countenance has been given by us to Slavery in the United States; but if men of pro-slavery principles come to you, whether they be ministers or not, if you treat them honestly and fairly in regard to this question, I believe they would go home and say, 'Well, Slavery is at a great discount on the other side of the water.' If we cannot act on men in one way, we must act on them in another; and let our friend's appeal this evening, a part of which I heard, lead you to act in that uncompromising manner; not, as I before stated, addressing them coarsely, roughly, or vulgarly, but with sincerity, and from the heart. Do not let the pro-slavery man's want of humanity induce you to meet him as though you would tread him under your feet, but meet him honestly, not with a frown, but still throwing into your voice that sort of energy which honest John Bull knows pretty well how to use when his purpose is once formed, and his resolution fully taken.

I beg pardon for having come in so late, and also for having occupied any portion of your time at this hour. [Cries of 'No, no.'] Whatever may be the case with others, I for one thank our friend Brown for coming here, and those friends of his who have assisted in getting up this meeting; and I hope we shall be the means of giving him a lift in Store street, and that by and by we shall give another lift to Mr. Pennington, a black man, who is also a fugitive slave, and who once put the late Bishop of Norwich into a most perfect fix. I will tell you how. A very excellent, good man, by the by, was that deceased Bishop, as I can testify; I wish that all Bishops were like him. [Hear, hear.] At an Anti-Slavery meeting in Exeter Hall, the Bishop said, that he thought, somehow or other, Slavery was to exist to the end of the world, and that he did not see how it was to be got rid of. Mr. Pennington was there, and had to speak after his lordship. Now, Mr. Pennington is one of those men whom the American slaveholders would wish us to believe have no brains; he belongs to a race of beings which they tell us have no mind, but are pretty much homogeneous with the ourang outang, and as for standing on a platform like this, why it would be the very consummation of audaciousness and arrogance, to think of a man of *that* race, of *that* country, and *that* family, presuming that he could occupy a position like this with propriety. Well, the Bishop said, 'We shall have Slavery to the end of the world, I fear.' Mr. Pennington turned round on his Lordship, and said, 'If that be so, if in the judgment of so great a theologian as your Lordship it is to be so, it is high time we gave the white man a taste of it; and as the black man has had it in the former part of the world, perhaps it would be right to let the white man have it in the latter part.' [Cheers and laughter.] Now, you have given Mr. Brown a warm welcome to England, and I am glad of it, for he deserves it; in a very little time, we will try to give Mr. Pennington, in this neighborhood, a welcome too. I say, let us have all these escaped slaves. Mr. Pennington is a runaway slave as well as Mr. Brown; they both thought proper to assert their right to the benefit of their own persons, and remembering that God had given them the prerogative of going where they pleased, and doing what they liked, in so far as any American slaveholder was concerned, they thought fit practically to assert that right. Let our friend Brown, and all who are in the same predicament, know that in England they shall have a hearty welcome; that Englishmen will help them in their efforts to get clean rid of Slavery. And then, do not let us forget, also, that there is a good deal of Slavery in other places. [Hear, hear.] But we cannot talk about that now. It is a great shame, after all we have done to put an end to Slavery in our own dominions, after the twenty millions we have paid in compensation to the slaveholders—and a great mistake I believe that was [hear, hear]—after all the money we have paid, all the efforts we have expended, all the years of labor we have bestowed, after all the jubilees we had at what we supposed to be the final abolition of the evil, after all the throwing up of caps, I say it is a great shame, after all this, that our work should have, to a great extent, as I believe it will have, to be done over again. I ask my friends here in this neighborhood, whether some of these days we shall not have in this hall, or somewhere else, a meeting about the whole question—[cheers]—and try to bring to bear once more upon the abomination of all abominations, a large, ample, and accumulated mass of sanctified feeling, and cause that which in poetry is said to be true, although I believe it is not true even there, to be in reality true in fact, that throughout all the British dominions, man is free. [Cheers.] Why should he not be free in any part of the world? He is free if he comes to this country. This is one of the best things about old England; the moment a man breathes her atmosphere, he is free [cheers]; the instant he touches our shore, there is an end to Slavery.

'England! with all thy faults, I love thee still.'

[The reverend gentleman resumed his seat amidst loud applause.]

The CHAIRMAN then announced that Mr. Jones wished to say a few words in conclusion. [O! and laughter.]

MR JONES—It is simply this, ladies and gentlemen; No one has admired more than I have the remarks of the gentleman who has just had the honor of addressing you; but I venture to believe, from the observations he has made, that he could not have heard my preceding speech; for if so, I do not think he would have made, as I felt them to be, those personalities to me. [Cries of 'O! O!' 'No, no!']

Mr. BROCK—I declare I never saw the gentleman in my life before, and never heard his voice till now. [Loud laughter.

Mr. JONES—Therefore, the reverend gentleman did not hear me speak before.

The CHAIRMAN, in responding to the vote of thanks, said:—I hope that the impression that has been made upon your minds against this abominable piece of national iniquity, American Slavery, by the proceedings of this evening, will not be allowed to pass away, but will live in your remembrance, and induce you to active exertion in this matter, leading you to use your influence, in every possible way, till this great national and moral curse shall be swept from the world. [Loud cheers.]

AMERICAN SLAVERY.

LAST night a public meeting was held in the Borough-road Chapel, Southwark, on the subject of American Slavery, and to receive Mr. Wm. Wells Brown, an American fugitive slave. The Reverend Mr. Stevenson, minister of the chapel, presided. The meeting having been opened with prayer, and the Chairman having addressed the meeting at some length,

Mr. BROWN, having been introduced by Mr. Thompson, M. P., then came forward, and was received with loud cheering. He said everything around him made him feel that in England he was a free man. He was there to-night what he could not be in the United States, for he felt that, until he arrived in England, he was not a man according to their law. He never saw a day in America in which he was not liable to be arrested and carried back into Slavery. People in this country had no idea of what Slavery in America was. People in America graduated from public institutions, and carried their diplomas in their pockets. He had also graduated, but he carried his diploma on his back.—He had carried away with him, not the stars of the American Union, but the *stripes*. He thanked God he had the opportunity of advocating in this country the cause of his oppressed fellow slaves in America. He would now read to them, he said, some extracts from a paper in St. Louis, in the city which he had the pleasure of saying he ran away from. (Laughter.) Having read those extracts, for the purpose of shewing the enormous cruelty practised on the slaves—even to the extent of burning them to death,

Mr. G. THOMPSON said that he happened to be acquainted with the circumstances of the horrid case alluded to, that of a slave being burnt to death, and he could state that when the parties, who had been engaged in the horrible atrocity, were indicted for the offence, the Judge who presided told the Grand Jury, that if they were of opinion that the act charged against the prisoners was sanctioned by custom, though contrary to law, they would find in favor of the custom and ignore the bill, and the Grand Jury did so, and the prisoners were set at large.

Mr. BROWN then resumed, and went on to show the extent to which Slavery was carried on in America—even ministers of the Gospel not hesitating to advocate the accursed system, and daring to assert that it was compatible with the principles of Christianity. Every effort was made to debase and brutalize the mind of the slave. If they would give them education and make them acquainted with the truths of Christianity, it would be impossible that the slaves could be long held in their chains. In the United States there were three millions of slaves, who were treated as being no better than cattle, and were pent up for sale as sheep or oxen were sold. It had been decided by the Judges that a slave could not appeal to the law—but that he could only appeal to the lenity and justice of his master. In one of the States a white man could be executed for four kinds of offences, but in the same State a slave forfeited his life if he committed any one of *seventy* offences. (Hear, hear.) In the State of Mississippi he knew of a case in which the wife of a slave was condemned to be flogged. The husband, unable to see his wife so punished, snatched the whip from the overseer's hand and ran away with it. He was immediately taken, however, and for that simple act he was hanged. (Shame, shame.) He could tell them that men in the highest stations in America had their slaves—even bishops had them—for he saw recently an account of one bishop having lost sixty-four slaves by cholera—a bishop—a preacher of Christianity—therefore, they saw, had his slaves, and what could they expect when they saw men in such positions giving countenance and support to the horrid practice. Mr. Brown then gave a detail of several cases illustrative of the sufferings of the slaves, and of the dreadful acts of retaliation to which the latter had recourse. His own master was very religious, and at night it was his (Mr. Brown's) duty to call in the slaves to prayer. In the morning, however, time could not be afforded to the slaves to pray, but the master prayed for them—(Laughter.) Indeed he never tied up one of them to be flogged that he didn't first read a portion of the scriptures to the slave, and give him in addition a moral lecture. He (Mr. Brown) had heard his master tell a visitor that he believed his slaves were more benefited by his moral lectures than by his flogging, and one day when he was himself tied up he ventured to say that he would take it all out in a moral lecture; but the only answer he received was a blow over the head with the cow hide. So much for his master's moral lesson. (Laughter.) He next alluded to the conduct of Father Mathew in refusing to attend an Anti-Slavery meeting in America, on the 1st of August, in celebration of the anniversary of the Abolition of Slavery in the British West India Colonies. But the slaveholders notwithstanding that would never forgive Father Mathew for signing an address against Slavery some years ago when he was in Ireland, and the consequence was that he was now between two fires. He had no bad feeling towards Father Mathew, but as the advocate of three millions of slaves in America, he could not help contrasting the conduct of Father Mathew now with what it was in former years. The account of the meeting, held to-night, would circulate in the slaveholding States, and when they saw that they were agitating in this country, the hands of the Abolitionists would be strengthened, and they would be cheered forward in their labors. He concluded by expressing the gratification he felt in being among them at the present meeting. (Cheers.

Mr. G. THOMPSON, M. P., addressed the meeting. He said, notwithstanding what his friend had stated as to the cruelties practised upon the slaves in America, there is a moral pollution in Slavery which it was impossible adequately to conceive or describe. What stamped the system in his estimation, as being something more than infernal, was that human beings, placed here to live together as brethren, should one portion of them take advantage of their superior intellect, or their power, and speculatively seize upon other of their fellow-men as if they were like their cattle, their own property. He did not know what form public opinion might take to do away with this infernal system, but they must promote its progress, by denouncing every man who should uphold or advocate the infamous practice. No man could doubt that America was destined to take a leading part in human affairs, and what was now the reproach of that country? Slavery! What made the South at variance with the North? It was Slavery! What was it that engendered all of human insolence and human crime in the Southern States? Why Slavery! And what, he would ask, would make the American citizen more welcome here than the Abolition of Slavery? How could America sympathize with the struggles of the patriots in Italy, Hungary, and in other parts of Europe, so long as she tolerates Slavery? And what would give point to her remonstrances, and force to her appeals in favor of the suffering patriots of Europe, but the Abolition of Slavery? (Loud cheering.) What, he would ask, would be the effect of this meeting in the United States? A man had come among them wanting many recommendations which might aid him—and yet he was received with open arms, because he was a man of color and a slave. He was not merely tolerated, but he was cheerfully welcomed, and treated as an equal. In the advancement of a great cause like the present the best way was to speak the truth, for if they did not speak the truth nobody would be able sufficiently to recognize that infamous practice they all desired to abolish. He wished that the religious communities of the United Kingdom would speak out, for much mischief was done when in any way they acted with the slaveholders of America. After alluding to what had been stated regarding Father Mathew, and regretting that that gentlemen had been induced to take the course imputed to him, he concluded by calling the attention of the meeting to the peculiar position in which Mr. Brown was placed, and recommending him to their extensive patronage. Mr. Thompson proposed a resolution to the effect that the meeting deeply sympathized with the sufferings of Mr. Brown while a slave in America, and at the same time expressed its great regret that Slavery was still permitted to be a blot upon the character of the United States.

Mr. HENRY CLAPP, of America, next addressed the meeting, and said the present occasion was in one sense not an agreeable one to him, as he had to speak, not of the institutions of his country, which he admired, but of that particular one which of all others he abhorred. Since he had been living in Europe he had been living under institutions with which he confessed he had but little sympathy, but any objections he would urge against them had been silenced, when he reflected on the blot which defiled his own country. Believing, however, as he did, that the experiment of free institutions in America would be successful—contending as he did for the right of self-government, he entertained no fear that America would purge herself of the present stain.—Mr. C. continued at great length, and having concluded,

The resolution was agreed to and immediately after, the meeting separated.—*London Chronicle.*

FATHER MATHEW AND SLAVERY.—A paragraph respecting Father MATHEW's conduct in America was copied from the *Athenæum* into our columns last week, without being accompanied, as perhaps it ought to have been, by some condemnation of the manner in which it interpreted the *motives* of that eminent person. We this week insert, from a Correspondent, some remarks in defence of FATHER MATHEW, and if personal weight could settle a matter of argumentative difference, we may say that the character of the gentleman who has so favored us would at once set at rest all doubts respecting the course taken by the great advocate of temperance on the question of American Slavery. The case, however, is one on which every man must form his own opinion. As far as we can do so from the imperfect and contradictory accounts that have reached us, we cannot avoid the conclusion that Father MATHEW has comitted a serious and very pernicious error of judgment. We do *not* attribute to him any unworthy motive. His previous career would entitle him to exemption from such imputations even if the appearances against him were much worse than they are. But, in fact, he is accused of nothing which may not be explained as the error of an excessive enthusiasm for one particular object. Such an error, however, is no little matter. It is one, we do not hesitate to say, which may, as far as America is concerned, even outweigh the good of all his exertions in the cause of temperance.

The error which we attribute to Mr. MATHEW is this—that he has deliberately forborne to testify, as distinctly as might have been expected from him, against the iniquity of Slavery, from a belief that in taking a decided part upon that question he would weaken his influence as an advocate of Temperance. In other words, we suppose him to have thought himself justified in sacrificing, to a certain extent, one great principle of humanity that he might better promote another. We say, that he did not testify against Slavery as distinctly as might have been expected, because he did not do in America what he had previously thought it right to do at home. He might not feel called upon to attend an Anti-Slavery meeting in America, any more than in Ireland. The time and strength of every man are limited, and each has a right to choose the labors in which he will engage. But if Father MATHEW felt it to be consistent with his devotion to the Temperance Movement to join in a formal and public declaration against American Slavery in his own country, we cannot but think that he was most distinctly called upon to repeat the declaration in some manner equally emphatic and unequivocal when he found himself in the actual presence of that accursed institution. The mode was for himself to choose. But a letter of a dozen lines, which might have been written in a quarter of an hour, would have answered the purpose. Three sentences of hearty and unreserved condemnation, with Father MATHEW's signature at the end of them, would have penetrated into every corner of the Union, and would have everywhere given to the right principle the stamp of his authority. But he did not wish to have his name connected with the Anti-Slavery principle. As far as he could, without absolute retraction, he seems to have assumed a position of neutrality.

Now we must repeat, that we only judge him by the rule which his previous conduct furnishes. We say that he ought to have been as anxious to express his abhorrence of American Slavery in America as he was at home. For in the first place, his testimony there would have told for more than it could here, as involving some sacrifice. Here, opposition to Slavery is comparatively easy and comparatively profitless. It costs us nothing. It neither involves risk nor severs friendship. In America it is otherwise. There Anti Slavery sentiments must bring him who freely utters them, into frequent and disagreeable collision with national prejudices. Precisely on that account, their free utterance would have been valuable, and was to have been expected from one occupying the high position and possessing the great moral influnce of Father MATHEW.

In the next place, his opinion was looked for by the supporters as well as the opponents of Slavery. The former are fond of saying that the hottest English Abolitionists, upon a nearer view of the Negroes, are apt to cool in their enthusiasm. They looked eagerly to see whether this would take place with so great a philanthropist as Father MATHEW. What then must they have inferred from his apparent disposition to be less out-spoken on the subject than he had been before his arrival? Clearly that his opinions were modified. Thus he could not be neutral. His silence was a positive accession of strength to the slaveholder.

There was yet another reason why he should not have desired to be silent. It was peculiarly important that his countrymen in America should not only not be deceived as to his opinions, but should have been animated by his influence with a right feeling on the subject of Slavery. The Irish, escaping from a wretched bondage at home, too often carry with them that slave-spirit which readily falls in with the tyrannical prejudices of caste and color in America. The American Irish have unfortunately produced some most repulsive specimens of pro-slavery advocacy. How was it possible for Father MATHEW not to feel that that melancholy and dishonorable weakness in his Trans-Atlantic countrymen made it peculiarly his duty to leave no shadow of doubt in their minds as to his own sentiments? His doing so, indeed, might have caused him to make fewer Temperance converts. But converts who would have been so repelled, we must remember are now attracted under cover of an impression that Father MATHEW is less hostile to Slavery than was thought from his previous declaration. Should the promoter of a moral reform wish for success at such a price?

We shall only add a word or two upon the plea, that Father MATHEW, being devoted to Catholicism, does not seek to promote its extension in America, any more than the success of the Anti-Slavery principle. The cases are not parallel. He cannot help promoting Catholicism. He does so wherever he goes, even without once entering a pulpit, which, however, we do not know that he refrains from. In the eyes of all men he is unmistakably identified with his Church, and his temperance labors are real missionary work in her favor. His mere presence, the charm of his influence over the drunkard, will do more to persuade men of transubstantiation than all the arguments of the schoolmen. It is fallacious, then, to compare his silence upon religious controversy, with his silence upon Slavery. Suppose for a moment the possibility that his attachment to his Church could become in any way doubtful from a visit to America. Would he permit such doubt to subsist for an hour? It would be very hard to make us believe it.—*London Inquirer.*

THE debate in the House of Assembly on Thursday evening, on the Address to the Governor in answer to his Speech at the opening of the Session, was remarkable, and will be remembered for some time to come, as the first in which a black man ever took part, or addressed the assembled representatives of this island. In alluding to this circumstance, it may perhaps be proper, in the present feverish state of feeling, to remark that we do so not from any wish to create, or to increase if they wish, complexional differences. We well know that many will be ready to attribute our notice of it to any other than the true feeling which actuates us, and to discover some motive for our conduct of an improper kind. It would be silly in us to hope or expect that our conduct will be judged of with ordinary fairness, or any feeling approaching to that of charity. But whatever may be said or thought by the captious or illiberal, the occasion is one which calls for remark from us. And why from us particularly? Those who know the part which, in the order of Providence, we have been called to take, in the deeply interesting and important questions of Slave Emancipation, and the political enfranchisement of the black and colored classes of this island, will perceive at once, that the occasion of a black Member of the Assembly addressing the House, is one full of interest, and suggestive of reminiscences of the most pleasing character. To be able to point to ten colored and two black Members in an Assembly of forty-seven, as to the

the circumstance of black men sitting in our local Parliament and taking part in its proceedings, as a great triumph over the prejudices and exclusive policy of former years, as evidence of the soundness of our political constitution, or an earnest of the stability of our institutions, there is cause for sincere gratulation. And when we reflect upon the fact, that the observations of the gentleman who spoke on Thursday evening were listened to with marked attention by the entire House, we conclude that there is reason for believing that the day has arrived when the wants and wishes of all may be known, and the experience and practical knowledge of one class shall be combined with the intelligence of the other, rendering our legislation more perfect than it has ever been, and what is still more important, more in unison with the views and feelings of the great bulk of population. To parties in the Mother-country who took, and still take, a deep and abiding interest in the advancement of the colored classes in the West Indies, the circumstance to which we have alluded will, we know be most gratifying.—*Kingston (Jamaica) Journal.*

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment---Without Compromise.

NEW YORK: THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1849.

Mass Anti-Slavery Convention.

A Mass Convention of the friends of Freedom will be held at the Presbyterian Meeting House in WASHINGTON HOLLOW on WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY the 14th and 15th November commencing at 10 o'clock A. M. of each day, and continuing through the afternoon and evening.

The object of this Convention is to bring together the opponents of Slavery of all parties for the purpose of a full and thorough discussion of our relations to the system, and to devise means for its speedy extinction.

Too long already has our Country rested under the burning shame of an institution which is outlawed by all Christendom! Too long have the down trodden millions of our own land been denied that freedom which not the sternest despot of Europe dares deny to the most abject of his subjects American mothers, from the Slave Prisons of our own Capital, call to us for help! Shall we heed their cry? Shall we prove to the world that our hearts are not dead to the appeals of suffering humanity?

The tyrant's eye is upon our every movement. Let him see us gather by thousands at the call of Liberty, and his doom will fall, his sinews will become wax!

It is earnestly hoped that no town in Dutchess or the adjacent counties will be unrepresented in this gathering of the friends of Freedom The call is alike to all without regard to sex, sect or party.

JOHN BLOOM,	THOMAS DRAKE,
JOHN COMSTOCK,	MARTHA T KETCHUM,
MARY H. LYON,	JANE CUNNINGHAM,
ALANSON THORN,	M. FARRINGTON,
MARY TWEEDY,	PLILETUS ROBERTS
WM. BREWER.	

The Syracuse Convention.

We hope that the arrangements for the SYRACUSE CONVENTION will be so far completed by our next issue that we may publish a regular Call or Notice of the meeting as some hing definite for the consideration and action of our friends. The presence of some of the most distinguished Speakers in the Cause is certain, making enough already engaged to ensure a Convention which cannot fail to make itself felt throughout the State. We are assured even now that some of our friends out of the State are so arranging their engagements as to permit them, if possible, to be with us on that occasion. Let our friends in the State be not behind them in zeal. It is important, above all things, that the Notice, when it appears, shall be circulated all over the State. Whether it shall be or not depends upon the Abolitionists of the country towns and rural districts. It is much, but not enough, that every Abolitionist in the State who reads this paper shall determine that he will attend the Convention, but he should also determine that it shall not be his fault if some of his neighbors do not go with him. We should be sorry to think so badly of the rank and file of the original Liberty party as to believe that they are all satisfied with the old game of 'transfer' which Mr. Henry B. Stanton moved from Mass., to Seneca county to assist in the playing of, and it can hardly be but many of them now will welcome an opportunity to learn precisely the position of the Abolitionists, that they may find a place where they may again labor for the Emancipation of the slaves. Our friends should see to it that any neighbor they may have of this sort should not be compelled to stay away from the Syracuse Convention because he was not made aware of its existence.

We trust also that there are many other persons in the State who have never been identified with any class of Anti Slavery people who may be induced to attend the Convention. Some perhaps may come from a real interest in the cause which they do not yet know how to aid; and others, it may be, attracted by the fame of the eloquence of some of the Anti Slavery Orators; but let all who may have any motive that would lead them there, whatever it may be, know that the opportunity is offered them. Many perhaps may go to scoff; but no matter—they may remain to pray.

AGITATE: AGITATE: Hold up our hands by assurances of co-operation, and encourage each other to action by showing that there is a general interest felt in this movement. We should all of us feel certain by direct assurance from every district in the State where there is an Abolitionist that that neighborhood is awake to the necessity of the Convention, and means to be represented in it.

The Voting Mania.

PHILOSOPHERS have been puzzled in all times to hit upon a definition of the animal Man. The generic difference which separates him from other classes of the animated creation may be hard to hit; but the specific differences which distinguish one species of the race from another are sometimes plain enough and level to the meanest understanding. Thus in the American division of the race, Man may be safely defined to be a Voting Animal: To Vote is his being's end and aim.—It is the earliest thought that visits him when he wakes and the last that vanishes from his mind as he subsides into the land of dreams. Nay, it pursues him thither. In the Visions of the Night he often struggles with an imaginary antagonist at a visionary ballot-box,

"And wakes half dead with nothing!"

Voting is as essential an element of life to a Free and Independent American as dining is to a Free-born Briton. As all politics, business, and charity must be discussed with a good dinner in the Fast-anchored Isle, in order to be duly dijested and assimilated, so in this Land of the Free and Home of the Brave everything must be put to vote. It is a summary and compendious method of settling Moral accounts. A sort of Profit and Loss account which squares the Book of Life, and makes a man feel that his salvation is worked out. It answers the purpose of a Protestant Absolution and sends him away from the Box of the Ballot as from the Box of the Confessional, smug, smirking and self-content.

It is strange to see how entirely even sensible men are carried away by this Voting mania. Men who have grown grey in minorities and hardly ever cast a vote that told, still insanely hug the idea that voting and making vote is "doing something,"—is something "practical" and not "transcendental." As if all the Reforms that have ever been accomplished had not been done by the compulsion of men standing outside of the machinery of politics, whether complicated as in a Democracy, or simple as in a Monarchy or an Oligarchy, and only informing it with the energy of their purpose! Or as if the Mind that applies the principle to the Machine were not a higher agency than the hands that supply the raw material and tie up the threads! The vulgar agency of the ballot will exist it is true, and may be used when it ceases to fetter the very hands that would employ it for purposes of freedom, and to make them partakers of the guilt they would fain remove. But it is not the Vote or the Voter that will do the work, even then. It is the Power behind the Vote that is greater and stronger than the Vote itself, has been and ever will be. How large a proportion of those who emancipated the Catholics, reformed the Parliament, abolished the Tests, set free the Slaves, in England, had votes? It was the men who created Public Opinion in the private laboratories where Thought is submitted to the manipulation of Mind, that did these things. Was the French Revolution the offspring of the Polls? It came forth from the studious privacy of the Encylopedists and Philosophers. Every change, Moral, Political. or Material, exists in Idea before it takes a bodily presence. The Abolition of English serfdom was once a visionary idea and the Steam Engine a transcendental dream. Ideas are the Steam that moves the world and the true practical men are they who generate and keep up this motive power.

The question for men who have been given to see the Iniquity of such an Institution as Slavery and to feel the strong necessity of doing something for its removal, is, what can I do consistently with my own personal honor and integrity, and how can I do it most effectually. The Abolitionist who perceives that he cannot lay his finger upon the political machinery of the country without first pledging himself to use it for the defence and comfort of Slavery in certain specified cases, and who will not purchase power at the expense of a promise which cannot either be kept or broken innocently, is compelled to stand aloof from it, by a due regard to his own honor and self-respect. But he sees at the same time that it is so arranged that he could do nothing with it for his ends, were he ever so free to employ it. His business is to stand aside and demonstrate its defects and prove the necessity of its being arranged anew. A machinery acting upon a radically vicious principle does not grow any better by running. It can only be amended by being made over again, so far as the removal of the false principle which is its soul. Only, a material machine will in process of time wear out, whereas one made up of living members continually renews itself. The Constitution has been in motion for sixty years, and the evil principle which pervades and informs it has grown stronger and more irresistible with every year. And must continue to do so, as long as men seek to eliminate it by feeding it. As if an Anti-Juggernaut Party should try to stop the progress of the Monster by squabbling to get a pull at the ropes!

About the season of the Annual Election the fever-fit of the Voting Epidemic is at its height. They are robust constitutions that can resist the contagion. In the delirium that is always a part of the *diagnosis* of this disease, shadows loom up into substantial things and unreal mockeries pass for veritable entities. Honest gentlemen in the apparent possession of their senses run wildly about with scraps of paper in their hands with cabalistic names printed upon them and persuade themselves that there is virtue in them to conjure down the devil that reigns over us. Forgetting that the very act of using them, such is the political system of which they are a part, is an acknowledgment of his right to dominion under circumstances sufficient for its indefinite perpetuation and extension. Slavery exists in this country not by any legislation and can never be legislated out of it. It was before the laws which regulate and protect it and is superior to them. Political empiricism can never work a cure. Any attempt to eradicate Slavery or even to modify it materially, by political action under the Constitution is a delusion and a snare. It does not even "film and skin the ulcerous place;" it only lays a flattering unction to the souls of those who recognize the duty of applying a radical cure. What could the Free Soilers do for the Abolition of Slavery, if they had every seat in the National House and Senate from the Free States, aye, and a Free Soil President, too? Nothing beyond the limits of the Ten Miles Square, if they be true to their oaths to maintain the Constitution. And this we must suppose they will be when we find them now carefully guarding and qualifying their words, lest they be suspected of disloyalty towards the Palladium of Slavery. After all they would have labored in vain and spent their strength for nought, because there was no necessary or possible connection between their end and their means.

These are truths which it behoves all genuine Abolitionists to bear in mind at the time when temptation is most sure to assail them. They cannot act politically without directly or indirectly acknowledging allegiance to the Constitution,—that Constitution which is broad and strong enough to be the Ægis of Slavery to the end of time. It is by breaking and not by strengthening that Shield that the enemy is to be reached. Even when political action in the Free States shall have taken the only effectual form it can assume, and shall override and trample under foot the Constitution within their own domain, giving open sanctuary to fugitive slaves, punishing pursuers, retaliating upon Slaveholders for their outrages on Northern citizens and Northern rights, and setting at nought the terrors of the National Courts, even then they cannot act in any direction which lies over an oath which must be broken to open the way to success When this state of things has resulted, as it must, in the Abolition of Slavery or the Dissolution of the Union by the act of the Slaveholders, then the occasion will arrive for their direct interposition. Then they will be called on to take part in the erection of a Northern Republic, or a purified American one, uncemented by blood and uncursed by crime. For this work there must be a remnant left, a peculiar people zealous of good works. To hasten that day, and to be ready for it when it comes, is a mission high and responsible enough to satisfy a true patriotism, or even a far-sighted ambition. That day will inevitably arrive sooner or later, in one form or another. We see its signs. We know that its coming is due, under God, to the efforts of the Abolitionists. We trust they will remain worthy of their high vocation. It would be pleasing to the carnal mind to assist at the retribution which is soon to be visited upon the faction which has possessed itself by lying pretences of the high places of the Nation. But we must rest content with having been in no remote degree or inconsiderable measure, the authors of their fate. We must reserve ourselves for a higher work, a wider field, a loftier destiny.—E. Q.

We give the *Barnburners* the benefit of the publication of the following document, if it can be any credit to them to be abused by such fellows as Mike Walsh and Jim Brady. Yet the signers of this Address are the Tammany Hall Committee, and we may judge from its spirit how likely the Old Hunkers are to be converted to Anti-Slavery. It is altogether a significant publication, and though meant specially to influence the election which took place on Saturday, is well worth publishing 'the day after the Fair.'

TO THE DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICAN ELECTORS OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF N. Y. Fellow Democrats:—The brief period which has intervened since the last Democratic Convention met at Syracuse, is marked by events that demand your serious consideration, in view of the election to-morrow. Already it is apparent that the union from which so much advancement was promised to the Democratic cause, is, in truth, to be employed only as a means of engrafting upon our time-honored principles, a set of Abolition doctrines hostile to the peace and welfare of the Republic, and repugnant to the sympathies and intelligence of the Democratic party.—The union upon a State Ticket, agreed to by the Syracuse and Utica Conventions, was based upon a solemn pledge of the good faith of each, that at this Election, and hereafter, no test should be imposed upon any candidate in reference to his opinions upon the powers of the action of Congress on the subject of Negro Slavery. How has that Union been carried out? How has that pledge of good faith been maintained? By the Democratic party proper, the constituents of the Syracuse Convention, the Union was upheld, and cordially and generously promoted. by the most liberal concessions to the Van Buren faction. In this county we conceded to them a large and undeserved share of the nominations. Throughout the State a similar magnanimity was practised, and especially in the selection of candidates for the Senate, of whom three-fourths consist of members of the late Free Soil party. How has this honorable course on our part been reciprocated? We find that now, in advance of the election, the only Democratic representative of the State of New York in Congress is marked for proscription. War, war to the knife, is declared against Senator Dickinson, for the avowed reason that his opinions on the Negro question do not suit the Free Soil Abolition party. This crusade, begun during the last month by obscure country newspapers, is now daily reinforced by assaults from the leading Van Buren organs in the principal cities of the State. Will the spirit which invokes such hostility be appeased by the sacrifice of Mr. Dickinson? Will one victim satisfy so many executioners? As well might it have been predicted that the Reign of Terror would end so soon as one being had fallen in the streets of Paris! No, it is clear that the same policy which prompts the advocacy now, of only such candidates for the Senate as will proscribe an able and faithful Senator because he is not an Abolitionist, will also pursue every candidate now and hereafter, who expresses the opinions of the National Democracy, and refuses to join the fanatical crew enlisted under the black flag carried by Martin Van Buren. If proof is demanded of this, we point to the letter addressed by the Lockport Committee to all the candidates on the State Ticket on the subject of Slavery. The answers of five of these candidates have been published, all of whom agree to swallow the test thus imposed, in violation of all honor and decency, after all controversies had been buried in the Utica and Syracuse Conventions. Messrs. Randall, Clark, Welch, Campbell and Chatfield, by recognizing the course pursued towards them, by allowing themselves to be catechised on a subject which has no more legitimate relation to the present election than the wrongs and suffering of the white men in the republic of Liberia, who are deprived of the right of suffrage, have stigmatized with attempted censure and impugned by a presumptuous effort at rebuke, the conventions from which their nominations were received and a vast majority of the electors to whom they appealed for support. Why have not the answers of the other candidates been also published? Is it because Mr. Lott, the candidate for Comptroller, and Mr. Follett, the candidate for Canal Commissioner, returned such replies as would, by their publication, defeat the malicious intent of the inquisitors? The ommission is strange and significant; but its meaning cannot be misunderstood, for the imposition of this test is expressly devised to realize the threatening prediction ventured by John Van Buren, in the Utica Convention, where he declared that "if the candidates did not rightly respond to queries on the Slavery subject, they would be defeated by one hundred thousand majority." This threat was deemed, at the time, nothing more than the expiring malediction of a baffled conspirator; no man supposed, that with all his conceded authority over the passions and purposes of his party, it was ever intended by that party to make the denunciation pronounced by their leader, the great end and object of their exertions in the election. This confidence on the part of the democratic masses was created by the subsequent passage in the Utica Convention of a resolution accepting the offer of union made by the Syracuse Convention, on the sole condition—avowed and accepted as clearly and unequivocally as the English language could express it—that no Pro-Slavery or Anti-Slavery test should be pronounced or enforced against the candidates nominated. What was then a generous and honorable belief in the good faith of the Free Soil party would be now, if any of us could by possibility entertain it, a false, foolish and fatal credulity. No democrat can be so blind as not to see that it is the settled purpose of the Free Soil party to vote to-morrow only for such candidates as have rightly responded to queries on the Slavery subject!" Else why impose the test? If such be not the design, why did the interrogatories of the Lockport Convention so quickly follow Mr. Van Buren's avowal of the consequences of an unsatisfactory answer? Information as to their opinions is sought from candidates for no other purpose than to influence the determination of those who are asked to vote for them, and the inference cannot be resisted, that the Free Soil party, as a body, intend to defeat every candidate who, by disdaining the test, places himself upon the platform of the Syracuse and Utica Union.

What, then, shall we do? Fortunately, fellow democrats, the path of duty at this crisis is free from doubt and unobstructed by difficulties. The Syracuse Convention was not invested with any authority to allow one-half of our State Ticket to be nominated either by the Free Soil or Whig party. That Convention was not authorized to form either a union or a coalition with any hostile organization. It had no power to commit the constituency it represented to any change or surrender of principle, or to pledge their support for candidates it did not nominate. The union, therefore, which it assumes the responsibility of proposing and which was accepted by the Free Soilers, rested solely for a basis upon the voluntary adhesion of the Democratic party to its terms; it was a union which could only exist so long as both parties remained faithful to the terms and spirit of the compact; never reposing upon the action of an authorized body, a violation of all the usages of the democratic party, and only tolerated by a spirit of self-sacrifice too often indulged by those we now address, this so-called union having been treacherously violated in its entire scope and meaning of the Free Soil party, no longer deserves even a passive recognition from you. Nay, even more—it is the duty of every Democrat now to denounce it, to repudiate it, to defeat the pernicious objects it is intended to subserve from the action of the adherents to the Utica Convention.—The question then again recurs, what shall the Democracy do? Will you vote for candidates whom you did not nominate, for candidates who have insulted the Syracuse Convention by accepting a test which that convention denounced? Can it be expected that you will stand by with your arms folded, and witness the proscription and degradation of your candidates on the State Ticket?—see them defeated on an Anti-Slavery test, and do no act on your part to protect yourselves and save the honor of your party? We think not. The Democracy of this City and State are yet too mindful of their duty to the National Democratic party, to permit a sectional and fanatical brand to be placed on their forehead. The union, of the States, with its unnumbered blessings, is more dear to us than a coalition with traitors. Let us, therefore, at the polls to-morrow, vote only for such candidates on the State Ticket as have remained faithful to the cause they represent, and the compact from which their positions emanated. If you and your friends are to be proscribed, then must you proscribe also. Let this be done, and hereafter men will learn that a chivalrous fidelity to the terms and spirit of a treaty can never be disregarded with impunity, by those who can seek the advantages of an alliance.

DANIEL E. SICKLES,	THOMAS P. KETTELL,
JAMES LEE,	ALEXANDER F. VACHE,
JAMES T. BRADY,	GEORGE J. GALLAGHER,
AUGUSTUS SCHELL,	MIKE WALSH,
JOSEPH T. SWEET,	JOHN M. BLOODGOOD,
ALEXANDER STEWART,	ALEXANDER M. ALLING,

Democratic Republican Executive Committee.

THE VALUE OF THE UNION.—The letter of our esteemed friend Dr. Brooke, which may be found in another column, gives us another of those striking proofs which are almost daily displayed of the value of the Union. We are all Turks here at the North, threatened always with vengeance by the Czar of the South if we dare entertain, even in our stables and kitchens, his flying Hungarians; with this difference, that we are not half so Christian as the Mussulman, as we have a standing agreement with our tyrant not only to deliver up all that he may ask for, be they Christian, heathen, or Jew, but to permit the persecution and ruin of all those among us who may doubt which should be paramount the law of God, or the law of '93.

The appeal of Dr. Brooke will not, we trust, be in vain, and that it may not we hope that our contemporaries of the Anti-Slavery press, at least, will give the persecuted men in whose behalf it is made the benefit of repeating their story.

We are reminded by it of another told by a Correspondent of the *Evening Post*, which illustrates no less strikingly, though with less loss to the party concerned the arrogance of the South, and the submissive spirit of her Northern vassals. The writer in the *Post* after referring to Barrett's case thus proceeds:

I have now another case to bring to your attention. Some two months since a friend of mine having business in the vicinity, ventured to visit the town of Fredericksburg, Virginia. He is a gentleman in wretchedly infirm health, and was compelled to remain at an inn in the place for part of a day. Being about to retire to bed, he suddenly found himself an object of very general, marked, and rude attention, and was waited upon by a person who was or had been a member of the legislature, and by the landlord. The honorable legislator had informed the landlord that his guest was an Abolitionist, and that, valetudinarian as he was, he ought to be promptly turned out of the house, a demand which the landlord appeared disposed to comply with. However, after a parley, the publican concluded to allow his guest to remain for the night. The next morning, the person who had stirred up the disturbance, was early on the ground with a numerous gang of personages, whom we should call b'hoys, to support his charge of Abolitionism. Upon explanation, it was proved that his only pretence for the outragous proceedings he had instigated was, that he had some two years before been a passenger with the unfortunate traveller whom he now charged with being "an incendiary," in a stage coach in which a discussion upon Slavery had taken place, in which he had participated for some time, but which he had characteristically terminated, by assuring his antagonist that if he ever caught him in the Old Dominion, he would hang him on the first limb.

The fact happened to be that the person with whom this zealous champion of Southern rights was now confronted, was not the same who had held the dispute with him in the stage coach, but had been only a listener on that occasion. However, to shorten this story, my friend was rescued from the imminent danger of outrage, by the interference of a gentleman of the neighborhood, who directed the attention of the mob from meditated outrage upon a defenceless stranger, by a proposition to tear down a church, the pastor of which was suspected of being at heart unsound upon the great question now agitating the southern mind. Profiting by this diversion and by the advice of his protector, the invalid "escaped out of that place," only too happy to save his head and neck, without delaying to attend to his business, and with an earnest warning from some of the better disposed inhabitants never to return.

But there is a pendent to this story. A few days after, a party of persons upon the very same business visited Fredericksburg, among whom was Elwood Fisher, the well known Virginia lecturer, before northern audiences, in defence of Slavery and in favor of its diffusion. Immediately, preparation was made to give Mr. Fisher a complimentary dinner. It was given to him, and I learn that it was attended and patronized by some of the same persons who had fomented the cowardly outrage I have above described. Indeed, according to my friend's account, Lieutenant Coleman, whose name deserves to be given in this brief narration, as the man who interfered in his behalf, was the only person in the place, who manifested the least disapprobation of the disgraceful conduct I have spoken of. One of the party, a northern man, at the dinner to Fisher, made, I understand, indignant allusion to the treatment which his friend and associate had experienced. His remarks were not cheered.

Letter from Judge Jay.

Judge Jay defines his position in relation to the recent "Coalition," very clearly in the following letter. The opinions of such a man cannot fail to have great weight with his old companions of the Liberty party.

BEDFORD, N. Y 8th Oct. 1849.

MY DEAR SIR: At the Buffalo Convention in 1848, a new party was formed, styled by some the Free-Soil party, and by others the Free Democracy. This party was composed of seceders from the two national parties, and embraced almost the whole of the old Liberty party. The Whig and Democratic issues were discarded as too unimportant to divide the friends of human freedom Accordingly Mr. Van Buren, a seceding Democrat, was nominated in opposition to Mr. Cass, the Democratic candidate, and Mr Adams, a seceding Whig, in opposition to Mr. Fillmore the Whig candidate, while the Liberty party, for the good of the common cause, withdrew the candidate already nominated by them.

Recently the Democratic seceders in New York who had joined the Free Soil party, have returned into the bosom of the old National Pro-Slavery Democratic party; and while professing *individual* hostility to Slavery, declare that such hostility will not be made by them a *party test* They have accordingly consented to support candidates brought forward by men who utterly repudiate the Free Soil creed Hence these New York Democratic Free Soilers are now bound by all the ties which their own professions can forge, to support Cass or Calhoun at the next Presidential Election, should either be the regular Democratic candidate. The avowed object of the late union is not to rescue our Territories from the curse of Slavery, but to WHIP THE WHIGS!—to get office by reviving the very issues sacrificed at Buffalo on the altar of Freedom.

In this re-union and its motive, I think I see not only a surrender of principle, but a betraying of those members of the Whig and Liberty parties who acted with the seceding Democrats in voting for Mr. Van Buren. Hence I feel under no obligation whatever to support the present mongrel Democratic ticket So far as *profession* goes, I regard the Whig party in New York, judging from their late address, as a far more reliable Free Soil party than the New York Democratic Coalition, and where the candidates are in other respects equally qualified. I prefer the Whig nominee as apparently the most true to the Anti-Slavery cause, at least the Whigs have not abandoned, cheated and betrayed their friends and fellow-laborers for a *moiety* of the spoils.

It is under these circumstances, that in your letter (received last evening) you ask my opinion of the expediency of immediately calling a Convention of the Old Liberty party. The expediency of such a call must of course depend in a great degree upon the disposition of the party to respond to it. I am too much retired, and have too little intercourse with the gentlemen of the party to know their views in the present unexpected emergency If such a call should be cordially welcomed by the party, and the Liberty ticket should receive 15,000 or 20,000 votes, a wholesome rebuke would be administered to our recreant Democrats, and the result would tend to prevent similar treachery elsewhere. But should the ticket receive a languid support, its failure would be regarded by the public as indicative of the decline of the Anti-Slavery feeling in our State. It is also somewhat questionable whether there is sufficient time before the election, for an efficient party organization.

You tell me the Liberty party men are generally more inclined to support the Whigs than the Democratic nominees. Such a feeling is, I think, under existing circumstances, but natural and honorable. How far this feeling would disincline our friends to a Liberty party nomination I have no means of judging. On the whole, I feel that I am not in possession of the information requisite to justify me in giving a decided opinion on a question so important as the one you propose.

Your visit to Bedford affords us agreeable recollections, and you will confer a favor upon us by repeating it when convenient to yourself.

I remain, my dear sir, yours truly,
WILLIAM JAY.

J. W. TAYLOR.

Judge Jay's Note consenting to Publication.

BEDFORD. Oct. 29, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR: You and your friends vastly overrate the importance of my letter to you of the 8th inst. I am not in the habit of making a secret of my political opinions, and there is nothing in the letter which I am desirous to conceal. At the same time I am unwilling to *obtrude* my opinions, and hence, if you or others wish to make use of my letter, I consent, *on the condition* that the letter itself, and not an extract from it, be published, in order that it may appear why and on what occasion it was written.

Yours truly, WILLIAM JAY.

J. W. TAYLOR, Esq.

THE CONVENTION IN DUTCHESS COUNTY.—We expected to have been enabled to announce in this week's paper who would probably attend the Convention at Washington Hollow as speakers, but have not yet heard of any who positively mean to be there except the Rev. Mr WALDO, of Poughkeepsie, Rev. S. Bonney, of Plattekill, Rev. J. N. Spore, of Milan, and S. S. and A. K. FOSTER Mrs Rose and Wm H Channing, of this city, Parker Pillsbury, of N. H., and Mr. and Mrs. Mott, of Philadelphia, are invited, but we are not informed of their intentions. The editor of this paper means to be there if possible.

Will not some friend at Washington Hollow, or in that neighborhood let us know precisely how to reach that place? A small delegation perhaps, would go from this section if they knew exactly what route to take,—whether by stage from Poughkeepsie, if that can be done, or by some nearer and more convenient way.

Dutchess County itself will of course be well represented, and it may be that other friends from abroad mean to be present of whom we have not heard.

With the Fosters Messrs. Waldo, Bonney, and Spear, the Hallocks, Hannah Sherman, and George C. White, however, and others who reside in that neighborhood, the Convention, we are confident, will be well worth a journey to attend.

IMPORTED DEMOCRACY.—The *Tribune* copies the following Resolutions from *The New Yorker Democrat*, a German Democratic paper published in this city. This imported article is quite equal to that of domestic manufacture:

Resolved, That his uncalled-for intervention and altogether un-Republican conduct in the Round Island affair, stamps him [General Taylor] as the personal enemy of Popular Freedom and the ally of Despotism.

Resolved, That Governor Fish, for his discreet and eminently wise conduct in pardoning the Negro and hanging the White man, deserves a black civic crown of merit, and will have a monument in Timbucto.

Of the two men referred to in the last Resolution, the negro who was pardoned had been found guilty of setting a house on fire, though no damage was done, instigated thereto, and made drunk for the purpose by two white men; and the white man who had murdered his wife might have been put, we would maintain, to a better purpose than hanging but as between the two men; they who would have put the negro to death should have emmigrated to this country two hundred years ago, when as at Wussagasett, in Massachusetts, they hung a bed-ridden cripple in place of the cobbler who had killed a friendly Indian, but was too useful a man to be spared.

VOTES OF THE COLORED PEOPLE.—The *Herald* of Sunday, and that of Tuesday, contain reports of meetings of the colored people of this city held on Friday and Monday evenings last, called with reference to the election on Tuesday, and their duty therein. The *Herald's* reporter is true enough to the spirit of that paper to endeavor to make the whole affair a burlesque, but as there was evidently some object to be gained the report is fair enough to show, in spite of the interjectional yah! yahs! of the reporter, and the occasional introduction of 'Sambo,' that the meetings were characterised by good order and ability in very favorable contrast with the meetings of the *Herald's* particular friends, the Loco-Focos of Tammany Hall.

The following were the Resolutions passed on Friday evening:

Resolved, That in the opinion of this meeting, it is the solemn duty of the ten or twelve hundred colored voters in the city and county of New York, to exercise the right which they possess, and to vindicate the same at each and every election.

Resolved That it is inexpedient for us, at the present time, to identify ourselves with either of the great political parties, only so far as they will promote the interests of freedom.

Resolved, That it is the duty of every lover of his country and well wisher of his race, to support such men at the coming election as are pledged to the principles of Free Soil, free labor, free speech and free men.

This resolution led to a lengthened discussion, some maintaining that there were no such men to support, while others held that there were.

Resolved, That the doctrine set forth in the creed of Democracy, at Tammany Hall, on the 29th of October, is unworthy of the name of Democracy, and meets our universal disapprobation.

Resolved, That the candidates nominated by the coalition of the Democrats and Free Soilers are unworthy the confidence of a free people, and ought to be defeated at the coming election. and that we will use our utmost influence to effect the same.

The tendency here is evidently Whiggish, but then we can't expect the colored people to be better and more intelligent than their neighbors. However the Resolutions were not passed without considerable opposition. On the second evening the following were adopted:

Resolved, That we reiterate the sentiments and endorse the doctrine, set forth in the resolutions adopted at our last meeting, on Friday evening, and we will do all in our power to carry them into effect.

Resolved, That the times call for the laying aside of our party predelictions, and for the colored voters to tell the political parties, that we will favor such of them as will do most for our cause—the cause of freedom, of justice, and of right.

Resolved, That the best front at present presented by the two great political parties, is that of the Whigs: which whilst it is not all that we wish, yet we will assist, and cause our political strength to be felt—hoping that others may be induced to outstrip them in the race of freedom, in acknowledging the oppressed American rights.

THE ELECTION.—The *Tribune* of this (Wednesday) morning says in relation to the election in this city, that it is "morally certain that the Whig majority on the State ticket will be nearer 2,000, than 1,000, and that every man on the Whig City and County ticket is elected." Of the judges it doubts only whether William Mitchell is elected.

To Correspondents.

A. K. Certainly; we shall be very glad of it.

O. J. We wrote him by mail on the 5th instant.

Communications.

Slave Labor Products.

NO. III.

NEVER was more salutary admonition given to the Reformer than fell from the Lip of Truth more than eighteen centuries since, in these memorable words—"And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but perceivest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Either how canst thou say to thy brother, Brother, let me pull out the mote that is in thine eye, when thou thyself beholdest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, cast out first the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to pull out the mote that is in thy brother's eye?"

In the light of this admonition of the Savior, we may see the importance, ere condemning an erring brother, of examining in what respect we ourselves may have been the cause of his error, and having then made our own conscience clean in that relation, we become fitted to enlighten by example and precept the understanding of our brother. We else incur the danger of hugging to ourselves the beam of some selfish interest or indulgence, whence may have proceeded the mote in our brother's eye, whilst thanking God that we are "not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican."

This caution, never out of place in any reformation, is especially important to those who seek the overthrow of the gigantic crime of Slavery, which involves such ramified and extended interests, lest whilst uttering our maledictions against it, we are giving it the very aliment it most desires and needs, and bringing on ourselves the just reproach of the truest and greatest of reformers.

With the exception of the unenlightened and truly pitiable miscreants who are personally engaged in the seizure of slaves on the African coast, the whole world utters, as with a single voice, its horror and detestation of that outrage on the rights and happiness of the peaceful natives. Even the ship-owner, whose vessel bears the human freight to a trans-Atlantic shore; the slave-trader who there anxiously awaits the arrival of the cargo, that he may buy up and speculate on its human contents; the slaveholder, who fears to be forestalled in the man-market ere he can lay in his stock of men to supply the goods-market with their productions, alike join in condemnation of the deeds of blood and wrong which have preceded the opportunity of these deeds being converted to their own benefit. They go up to the temple and thank God they are not as these men! But will a sound morality acquit them herein? Or will it not say that but for their respective parts in the chain of causes and effects, the original tragedy could not have been enacted? Will it not even adjudge to the more remote, yet more enlightened offenders the higher criminalty? This chain obviously connects the man pirate, the ship-owner, the slave-trader, the slaveholder, and many intermediate agents, in one category of wickedness. But does the chain end with the slaveholder, or is there a motive-giver back of him? Can the consumer of the products of the toil of the bondman be guiltless?—but for whom all who precede him would be lifeless automata.

Up to the point of time when, by using the products of Slavery, the Abolitionist becomes a motive-giver to the existence of the system, the friends of the slave have no disagreement as to the guilt of promoting Slavery, by either a direct or indirect support; ought they to have any as to the guilt of buying and using those products, if a market for them is actually necessary to the existence of Slavery? That it is such is among the truisms, the denial of which few will venture to make.

That Slavery is the parent of abundant vices, to the gratification of which it affords an easy access, and for that reason may be cherished by many slave masters, may be readily conceded without affecting the general proposition that it exists by reason mainly of the market in the products of the labor of its victims. In spendthrift vice is no pabulum by which the millions of these victims can for a moment be sustained in existence. These millions are in point of fact as they are in legal phraseology, "persons held to service or labor."

In our first number we showed that a means which the American Anti-Slavery Society proposed to wield against Slavery was "to encourage the labor of freemen rather than that of slaves by giving a preference to their productions." To those who now know the resources which exist in these States, and on this continent for the supply of every reasonable want, in productions of free labor, if cherished by the payment only of an honest equivalent to the cultivator, the term "preference" may appear to be inenergetic, but as used by the "sons of the morning," from whose vision these facilities were hidden, it indicated a fixed determination to throw all the weight *which they could* into the scale of free labor, and to detract *all they could* from its opposite. Who can doubt this, when they speak of the slaves as being "plundered daily of the fruits of their toil without redress"—when they declare that "the right to enjoy liberty is inalienable"—that "to invade it is to usurp the preogative of Jehovah"—that "every man has a right to his own body—the products of his own labor." To say that the preference is one merely of convenience, and not of duty—one of sheer economy to be computed by dollars and cents, and not one of principle seeking the avoidance of any partnership in the daily plunder from the slave of the fruits of his toil—his own rightful property—is to deny their further affirmation, "Our" measures "shall be such only as the opposition of moral purity to moral corruption—the destruction of error by the potency of truth."

We re-affirm, therefore, our conviction that the American Anti-Slavery Society stands comitted by its unrepealed Declaration to the duty of encouraging free labor, founded on a moral preference of its productions, to the whole extent of its social and individual capability.

In our second number we adverted to the indignant feeling with which the first honest man *must have met* the proffer to him of the first fruits of stolen labor, and we showed that however *deep* was the *obscuration* under which now, through the hardening, darkening influences of a long departure from right, with other attending circumstances, was the sense of the wrong of buying such fruits of injustice, that sense would revive and operate in its full completeness if the labor was stolen from some other than persons of the African race; we applied to the purchasers of those products the great moral principles—that to aid and abet crime was criminal—that whatever we do by others we do ourselves—that it is our ever-incumbent duty in our passage through life to throw the weight of our influence into the scale of virtue; and whilst we illustrated some of these propositions by a few out of the many cases parallel to the use of slave produce which could have been adduced, we thought we saw in the last of these propositions, a clear light as from Heaven, shining directly upon OUR PATH OF DUTY.

We showed further that the same right which gave a man self-ownership gave him ownership of the products of his labor—that to compel him to labor and then take the products of his labor from him was, in the language of the Anti-Slavery Declaration to plunder him of the fruits of his toil—and that these fruits, whether in the hands of the slaveholder or others, were stolen goods.

We inculcated the duty of giving the slaveholder a test of our sincerity in refusing, notwithstanding any convenience to ourselves, to buy that of him which we say he procured by immoral means, and we finally expressed our conviction, that however wrong his course was, he stood in a state of comparative innocence, as measured by the condition of the man who, in a higher light, was tempting him to the perpetration of that wrong. Over all who "Evil wrought from want of thought" we threw the mantle of a comprehensive charity.

To the views expressed in these numbers, our friend Adin Ballou appears as a respondent. Our love for the author of "Christian Non-Resistance," and our admiration of the manner in which he has illustrated that duty, lead us to regret that so gifted a brother should have felt it his place to throw his weight on the side of the oppressor by becoming a pleader for the use of the fruits of his oppression. We otherwise cordially welcome him to the debate, in the confident hope that it will be conducted in a prayerful desire for the exaltation of TRUTH ONLY.

Our respondent thinks we have done injustice to the framers of the Anti-Slavery Declaration in construing their "carefully guarded words" respecting the encouragement of free labor; but he comes to this conclusion without appearing to have taken into account the foundation principles set forth in the Declaration. To give to the sentence his construction of it, is to make one of the great means set forth to the world as instrumentalities for the overthrow of Slavery, a mere puerility. Let us see how it would read in his sense of it. "We shall encourage the labor of freemen rather than that of slaves, by giving a preference to their productions," "all other things being equal, or anywhere near equal"—a construction which *nearly* excludes the pound of flesh but gives full weight to the mighty dollar, the only *other* thing now making a real difference. We have already sufficiently defended our truer, and to the framers of the instrument, our more respectful construction of it.

Without being able exactly to perceive what our respondent means by an *honorable expediency*, we are glad to observe his following admission:

"The accused acknowledge the *general* duty of encouraging the labor of freemen rather than that of slaves, by giving a preference

back cloth, or do what else with it you please, there it is, stolen, stolen, stolen, and we can't help it, Brother.

6. The Abolitionist who uses the products of Slavery whilst he proclaims the sin of slaveholding is in the same condemnation with the anti-belligerent who deals in prize goods, or the preacher of anti-piracy who buys unhesitatingly the goods the pirate brings him. The merchant who dreads piracy ought just as much to regard the last as his "*true friend*," as should the intelligent slave him whose business it alternately is to buy slave-grown cotton, and preach Anti-Slavery. We could cite cases where slaves have considered the purchasers of the products of their labor as their foes.

7. It has not been claimed that the sin of slaveholding is transmissively inherent in the *substance* of every article partly produced by slave labor. It might be well if it could be there localized; but unfortunately it attaches to the persons who, by using the product, sustain the slaveholding. Where other usable goods are systematically obtained by as strong a violation of the moral law as the goods of Slavery, and the using of them as palpably perpetuates that violation, the same ban attaches to their use.

8. That *money-getting* is vital to Slavery, and its chief motive as well as nourishment we cannot doubt. To affirm that it would exist in a tithe of its present extent without the motive of money-getting, or could retain a tithe of that tithe without the money-getting, would be to assert an incredible thing. Slavery is to be regarded as a great business system, to which money, be it heart or not, is blood and lungs.

9. It is not a motive of the friend of free labor to diminish the wealth of the slaveholder, though he may feel it his duty not to increase it through a medium which will sustain him in slaveholding. Hence he need not answer as to what perceptible difference may exist in that wealth at the epoch of the Anti-Slavery Declaration and now. But one thing he knows and laments, that from infidelity to the principles of that Declaration, the advocates of the slave in this country have been the occasion of sustaining the bondage of many thousands of their fellow-men.

10. Neither does he desire to starve the slaveholder into emancipation otherwise than as the subject of Messiah's kingdom desires to starve the privateersman in refusing to buy his prize goods. A faithful testimony against Slavery would doubtless do much in fifty years towards an extensive emancipation; in the greater degree, by its moral influences—physically, in the probable ratio of one slave to ten abstinents.

11. Whatever is perceived to increase the motive for slaveholding ought certainly to be avoided at any sacrifice of interest to the anti-slaveholder; but that buying other goods of the slaveholder, his agents and allies, than the goods of Slavery does as much patronize and sustain Slavery as buying the latter we do not discover—when we shall discover it the rule will be clear; but it will not qualify the duty of abstinence from the slave product.

12. We are not morally bound to withhold the profits of trade from men who thrive by commerce with slaveholders, if the items in which we trade are unobjectionable.

13. The same moral principles which are at the bottom of the abstinence duty will undoubtedly work out similar results in all analogous cases of inter-human wrong; and this is but reasoning back to the point we started from when we proved, from our clear duty in respect to other wrongs, our duty in respect to the wrong of Slavery.

14. Abstaining from the encouragement of evil is not the "game" which "*sinners*" are likely to engage in, but we have yet to learn why "*saints*" should object to their doing so. The Memphis merchant acted naturally in buying his goods of those friendly to the Southern system. We do not perceive but that he was right, provided the institution were itself right, in surrounding it by all the support of his commercial influence. So far as his course was a "*counter-check*," it was a counter-check to the "fanatical crusade" of general abolitionism. Would our friend say that the counter-check being wrong on his side of the game was wrong also? Something much more appropriate to the question before us, than the incident of the Memphis trader, and of much higher authority, will be found in the following extract of a letter from the Honorable Isaac E. Morse, of Louisiana:—

"One word more and I have done. If our Northern brethren are so conscientious, and they are willing to invoke all these calamities on our happy country to effect their end—if they are sincere and honest, let me say this to them: there is a very easy way to get rid of Slavery in the United States without interfering with us, without doing one single thing that the nicest caviller could censure, and which I believe in sober seriousness will effect your object as certain as day succeeds night, and which, though it may entail ruin and distress upon a large portion of your fellow-citizens, they have no right to object to, or complain of—'Touch not, taste not, handle not' one single product of slave labor.'"

ALPHA.

Reply to "H. B. B."—Revivals.

UNIONVILLE, October 21, 1849.

In the *Anti-Slavery Standard* of October 4, H. B. B. seems to think that he has forever silenced the charges of the Northern Abolitionists against the institution of Slavery, by assuming as true that God has set his seal to it as a holy institution, because that slaveholding districts are blessed with revivals of religion, while non-slaveholding districts are not thus blessed; and he challenges an explanation of the mystery. These are his words: "If Slavery is the unmitigated *sin* and curse you Abolitionists say it is, and so abhorrent to God, how happens it these *revivals* have all stopped at the North, and are now prevailing in every Southern State?"

Here is a subject of vast importance to the world, and is worthy of greater power than mine to show the contrast between the work of God, and the work of man. While Mr. B. assumes it is true that God is the author of revivals, he confesses that it does not make men relinquish oppression, and that they are most numerous in oppressive districts. Perhaps Mr. B. will not like the term oppression, because he has brought the Bible to support it, but unless God is what he says he says he is not, a respecter of persons, and unless Mr. B. would be willing to take the place of the oppressed, I cannot think the term inappropriate, and I have no doubt that I have the affirmation of Mr B.'s own consciousness on my side, together with universal intelligence. If God is holy, and these revivals do not produce holiness, then they are not of God, and of course, are of a hardening tendency, inasmuch as of any doctrine, or system of doctrines, that justifies previous to reform, the tendency is from bad to worse. The process by which such revivals are brought about, is the as that by same which a man is induced to exchange a good horse for a better, or a doubtful good for that which 'has guaranties of durability.

The Bible teaches, awake to righteousness and sin not. Revival teachers say—don't try to make yourself any better; believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and you shall be saved. Instead of enlightening the understanding and urging the performance of right action, happiness and unhappiness are the prominent inducements held up to direct the choice and prompt to action. Belief in what Jesus is supposed to have done and will do for us, instead of belief in the doctrines which he taught, is substituted for the Gospel of Christ. Belief in the doctrine of Christ, according to Bible phrase necessitates holiness; but belief in what he has done is indifferent to holiness, and has *no* inherent tendency to produce holiness.

Jesus Christ says a tree is known by its fruit, but the revival teachers both South and North, lay it down as their first principle that the goodness of the fruit is no evidence of the goodness of the tree But a certain kind of belief, which of course, the subjects had no liberty to choose, and which is of necessity confined to certain locations, is the only true evidence of the goodness of the tree; and thus they represent God as peculiarly attached to those who believe in certain creeds and forms, to the exclusion of action corresponding with the holy principle of right, Professor Thom, of Oberlin, after describing the most perfect character his imagination could conceive, gives the individual who through location and circumstances had not obtained the Orthodox belief the lowest place in hell. That a revival of this stamp should flourish most in a slaveholding community is no mystery, but it would be a mystery not to be solved if it were not so; and if the universal Lord has favorites, when he has conferred the greater favor, why not the less, if he has guarantied to them eternal happiness; why should he refuse those little comforts, such as house and field servants; surely no good thing will be withheld from (them that walk uprightly) his favorites. In the first century inducements to make men seek their own happiness was ascribed to the serpent. In the Nineteenth century inducements to make men seek their own happiness is ascribed to the spirit of God. To do good were the promptings of the early Christians, for which they were killed all the day long. They were accounted as sheep for the slaughter. To get a good, to eat the fat and drink the sweet are the promptings of modern Christians.

The work of the Holy Spirit is to set before the mind right and wrong. This is a direct address to the intelligence of men. Revival preachers hold up before their minds loss and gain in their most lively colors. This addresses itself to the sensibility, or fleshly mind, of all whose movements are to protect and please self without regard to right or wrong. With this department the Holy Spirit has nothing to do except to restrain and keep under. Let a man go to the South full of the Holy Spirit, holding up before the mind right and wrong, and how long before he would be presented with a coat of tar and feathers, or a grapevine collar. A great variety of positions might be taken to prove to a demonstration that God is not the author of the popular revivals, but for the present I shall confine myself to one which will be sufficient till it is gainsayed.

The Bible teaches that God is no respecter of persons, but they that fear God and work righteousness, of whatever nation, shall be accepted of him. This necessarily gives to every man the unbiassed use of native powers, because an action produced by the coercion of the will would be neither righteous nor unrighteous, and just so far as there is coercion of the will, to fit one individual for his service more than another, just so far there is respect of persons, and just so far the above declaration is an untruth; and yet again, if God has substituted a set of doctrines as indispensable to be believed, and external communication the only way of forcing belief, then location and circumstances make some situations more favorable than others, and consequently there is respect of persons; but if judgment is rendered according to the unbiassed exercise of native powers, then all things are thrown on a common level, and there is no respect of persons.

That the popular Christianity and Slavery are twin sisters, and were named in one cradle the following illustration will show. While the Christian is praising God for his great love to the world in making the terms of salvation acceptable to all, just show him that his creed confines the blessing to certain limits, and necessarily excludes eight-tenths of the race from all participation in the blessing, then he will turn round and say, I have nothing to do with that. So while the slaveholder is boasting loud of *Liberty* and its blessed boon to be enjoyed by all, just point him to the black man in chains and he will say: I have nothing to do with that—or God made them on purpose for that. Thus we see, that a devotion to the popular religion is only a preparatory step to be a staunch slaveholder.

From the above arguments, Mr. B. can see that slaveholding districts are the very places where we should naturally look for a *revival*. Lest some should suppose, that the above expression, that the popular religion is only a preparatory step to be a staunch slaveholder, is a false inference, I would repeat, that any doctrine that justifies previous to reform, the tendency is from bad to worse. It is a universal fact, that involuntary exercises, such as faith and feeling, are considered criterions by which to justify, before reformation has commenced, and then the amount of reformation needed is measured by the voice of the majority; while on the other hand, action corresponding exactly with the idea of holiness, as made known in the Scriptures, and affirmed by consciousness, is denounced as hell deserving, unless it is preceded by the right kind of faith and feeling. Quotations to prove this might be produced from the most celebrated divines.

I might further say that the whole revival system is built upon the idea of special grace (sustained by the argument that God has a right to do what he will with his own)—and if it is special, it has respect to persons, and therefore is not of God. If Mr. B. thinks his question is not answered, let him say so.

P. PIXLEY.

Note from G. W. F. M.—Correction.

MR. GAY:—I observe in printing my article on *Habeas Corpus*, it is worded in this manner, the "slave States agreed, when they adopted that Constitution, that every person without distinction of color, sex, or clime, (claim, you had it) should have a right to his life, his liberty and the products of his labor, and agreed, when they adopted the clause, that the privilege of the writ of *Habeas Corpus* should not be suspended, unless when in cases of rebellion or invasion the public safety might require it," without excluding any within its embrace," &c. Now, if I did, I did not mean to word this clause in the manner it is printed It will be perceived, that the last clause of the sentence is disconnected from the first, as if I meant to say, that the Convention that adopted the Constitution performed two acts, one in securing the right of the person to his life &c., and the other in securing the privilege of the writ of *Habeas Corpus* &c. When Congress adopted the amendments, they undoubtedly did reiterate their determination, "that the right of the *people* should be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects and should not be violated" &c. "and this clause should be considered as a further guarantee, that the general government would protect the liberties of ALL without any distinction; yet the idea I meant to convey in the passage above was, that when the Convention adopted the clause, respecting the writ of *Habeas Corpus*, and the States accepted it as a part of the Constitution, and made it the supreme law of the land, anything in the Constitution and laws of any one of the States to the contrary notwithstanding, they knowingly and virtually agreed, that Slavery should cease in this land, and that it was in adopting this clause, they meant to secure the life, liberty, and the products of the labor, of *every* person, if, in any case, the States should fail to do it, the word "privilege" in that clause, as must have been well understood, by those who adopted it, meaning, the inalienable rights, or as expressed in English law, the right to life, liberty and products of the labor, of every individual, that may be born into the world, because without them, they could not carry out or fulfil the great object of their creation. The clause therefore should have read, "and the products of his labor," *which they agreed to do.* "When they" &c., meaning we were *free American citizens by this single clause.* And I cannot but believe when the American people fully understand this, and know how the South have violated their obligations to the rest of the States, and to the world, they will clap that clause as an extinguisher upon Slavery, and put that vile institution into utter darkness. Yours,

G. W. F. M.

Letter from Dr. Brooke.

A Case under the "Compromises."—Penalty for 'hiding the outcast.'—Jude McLean a Slaveholder.

To illustrate the power which Slavery possesses in the States called free, and the manner of its exercise, and for an additional purpose which will appear in the sequel, I wish to give to the public a brief relation of facts which recently came to my knowledge.

About two years since a slave-catcher, named Clark, residing in Decatur county, Indiana, seized upon a mother, and four children, all nearly white, whom he found in his neighborhood, and forcibly detained them without the authority of any legal process. A neighbor of his named Luther A. Donnell, was besought by certain colored persons privy to the circumstances, to do something in their behalf, and accordingly he obtained a writ of habeas corpus, and with another man, named Hamilton, proceeded with an officer to Clark's house to see it served upon them. The latter having gotten wind of the movement had run them off and secreted them in a fodder-house belonging to his son. Finding themselves thus foiled, and not knowing where to search for them in the night, Donnell and Hamilton returned to the house of the former, and the officer to his house, without even having seen the fugitives. The mother being *enciente*, and supposed incapable of travelling without assistance, and trusting somewhat perhaps to the thought that she would not separate from her four small children, these human blood-hounds sought their own beds, and left their prey unguarded. Soon as she had hushed her charge to sleep in their chilly lair, she was nerved by that love of liberty which had brought her thus far to creep forth, and seek for help—nor did she seek in vain. Falling in with some colored persons in the road, who were on the look out to discover her place of concealment, she and her children were assisted to a place of safety, and conveyed eventually to Canada, where they are now doing well.

The same night the slave claimant arrived in the neighborhood in pursuit, offering a reward for their recapture. The prey having escaped, the men-stealers turned their attack upon the man who had shown a disposition to befriend them, and an indictment in the court of Decatur County was sustained against Luther A. Donnell, and he was fined $50, and the costs amounting to $125 more. The slave-claimant, Ray, of Kentucky, now commenced an action against him in the District Court of the United States, under the law of Congress of 1793, and the State trial having developed the fact that Donnell could prove by the young man Hamilton, that he had not even seen the fugitives on the night in question, the suit was made to include Hamilton also, to prevent the benefit of his testimony. This trial was had at Indianapolis in May, 1849, and the Clarks swore they had seen Donnell and Hamilton remove the fugitives from that fodder-house. Judge McLean made the usual glorification of the United States Constitution in his charge to the jury, declaring its compromises must be sustained, and that if they believed the defendants had removed the fugitives from the fodder-house, they must find damages in the amount alledged by Ray. The verdict was for $1500 against the defendants, and costs amounting to about $1000 more. Here then are two men assessed in fines, costs, and lawyer's fees, about $3000, for the suspicion of an act which they did not commit. I am acquainted with L. A. Donnell, and have no hesitation in believing his averment that he never saw either of the fugitives till after the night in question, and two of them he never saw. And I as fully believe it was only from want of opportunity, and not of will, that he did not assist them. Mr. Hamilton is a young man without property. L. A. Donnell is possessed of a farm, which, if forced to a sale, would leave him little or nothing, after satisfying these judgments and costs. The State case is appealed to the Supreme Court of the State upon the question of the constitutionality of a law which fines a man for an act of humanity. In the United States case his lawyers tell him there is no appeal. Will the friends of humanity permit this brother to be ruined in his worldly affairs without offering him assistance? He is endeavoring to raise the amount by the first of January, 1850. Some of his neighbors have pledged him fifty dollars each, some twenty-five, some less, but as their wheat crop failed them, there is no money in circulation there, and they cannot pay till their pork is fatted. He has had about $1300 pledged and paid in together—the balance to make up yet. Any persons desirous to assist may transmit to him through the mail, addressed to Luther A. Donnell, Clarksburgh, Decatur county, Indiana, or to me at Oakland, Ohio—the former being the preferable mode.

Let it be recollected that Judge McLean is called an Anti-Slavery man, and was sought for as a nominee for the Presidency at Buffalo. And let it be recollected, that a woman of my acquaintance alledges she was bought by the Judge as a slave in Kentucky—brought to Ohio and held and treated as a slave in Warren County, for a long period. That in the absence of the Judge, she was confined by his former wife up stairs, with a view of having her run off to Kentucky and sold again, but before the son-in-law, who was expected to transact the business, arrived, she let herself down by a rope from the upper window, in the night, and in confirmation of the truth of her assertions, her hands were still raw from the friction of the rope when she first came to my house; and so far as I know her story has never been denied or doubted. Such a leaning as he is said to have manifested to the side of the slave-claimant in his charge to the jury in this case, is no surprise to me. A. BROOKE.

Oakland, O., Oct. 27, 1849.

N. B. Any contributions made by mail will be acknowledged in the *Standard*.

PROCEEDINGS

Of the first Maryland State Convention of the Colored Protestant Methodist Church, held in Israel Protestant Church, Baltimore, on the morning of October 13th, 1849.

Pursuant to public notice, a number of clergy and laity of the different Colored Protestant Methodist churches assembled at 10 o'clock, A. M. The Rev. Nathaniel Peck, of Israel Church called the Convention to order; singing and prayer by the Rev. Adam S. Driver. Divine service being ended, on motion, the Rev. Nathaniel Peck was called to the Chair, and the Rev. S. W. Chase was employed to act as Secretary.

The following list of delegates entitled to seats was presented by the Chairman, and, on being called was answered by those present: Israel Protestant Methodist Church, Baltimore; Rev. Nathaniel Peck, Rev. Adam S. Driver, Brother Wm. Anderson, Brother Henry Gross, Brother John D. Burgess, Brother Anthony Williams and Brother Henry Martin, Providence Protestant Methodist Church Elkton, Md.; Rev. John S. Sear and Brother James Ross, Bear Hill Church, Md.; Brother Aquila Scott, St. Thomas's Church, State of Delaware; Brother Henry J Williamson.

The following brethren of sister churches were invited Driver made a few brief remarks in relation to the object to sit as corresponding members of the Convention: Presbyterian Church, S. W. Chase, Zion Methodist Episcopal Church. Rev. John J. Moore, Colored religious Association, of Quaker Bottom, Md., Brother Washington Gray, and Brother Luke Caution.

The convention being duly organized, the Rev. A. S. Driver, the object of the convention. He stated that its professed object was to excite and combine a plan more systematic and efficient than has heretofore been accomplished in the colored Protestant Methodist churches, and to unite in one inseparable interest all the colored Protestant Methodist churches in the United States. And in order to accomplish this object he advocated the propriety of calling a General Convention of colored Protestant Methodists to meet at such time and place as this convention may think proper to recommend.

Immediately after the conclusion of the remarks of Brother Driver, the following Resolutions were passed unanimously.

Resolved, That this Convention deem it expedient to call a general convention of colored Protestant Methodists to deliberate upon the most efficient plan to advance the general interest of the Church and the kingdom of our blessed Lord.

Resolved, That the said General Convention be held in the city of Philadelphia, on the morning of the first Monday of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty.

Resolved, That we appoint a committee of five brethren to issue a call for the General Convention and to recommend the colored Protestant Methodist churches located in the several States to call State Conventions or hold conventional meetings to appoint delegates to represent them in the coming general Convention.

Resolved, That the following brethren be the committee: Rev. Nathaniel Peck, A. S. Driver, Rev. John L. Sear, Brother Henry J. Williamson, and Brother Henry Martin.

Resolved, That the committee be authorized to issue a thousand circulars in letter form for the call of the Convention, and that each church here represented pay an equal portion of the expenses.

Resolved, That we adopt for our government such portions of the discipline of the Protestant Methodist church as will suit the condition of our people until we can provide a discipline for the government of the colored Protestant churches.

Resolved, That the Rev. Nathaniel Peck and A. S. Driver be appointed Missionaries to visit the different colored Protestant Methodist churches [or any others desirous to become connected with the Protestant] until the sitting of the General Convention.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this convention be published in the Baltimore Sun, Pennsylvania Freeman, North Star, and Anti-Slavery Standard.

Resolved, That we adjourn to meet on Monday morning, the 15th inst. at 10 o'clock, in this church.

The convention met agreeable to adjournment on Monday morning, 15th inst. and was opened by the chairman with singing and prayer. The proceedings of Saturday were read and approved of, and on motion it was

Resolved, That the Convention adjourn sine die.

NATHANIEL PECK, Chairman.

S. W. CHASE, Secretary.

Baltimore, Oct. 15th, 1849.

General Intelligence.

Proclamation,

By HAMILTON FISH, *Governor of the State of New York.*

A sense of gratitude to Almighty God for his numerous manifestations of goodness during the past year, calls for a public expression of thanks from a People who have experienced the full measure of blessings which have been extended to us.

Peace and quiet have reigned throughout our land. The labors of the husbandman have been rewarded in the returns of the fruits of the earth. Industry has pursued its accustomed walks in all its varied employments, and its votaries have enjoyed honest and well earned rewards. Civil and religious Liberty continues to be vouchsafed to all within our borders—and the blessings of the Gospel are extended to all who desire to enjoy its comforts and its consolations. A few weeks since, the whole Nation, in humble dependence, united in earnest prayer to Almighty God to withdraw the grievous pestilence which was ravaging the land; that visitation has passed, and the blessings of public health is restored.

It becomes a grateful and a Christian people to acknowledge these mercies, and to render thanks to their bountiful Giver.

I do therefore designate *Thursday, the twenty-ninth day of November*, instant, and do recommend its observance by the People of this State, as a day of Public Thanksgiving to Almighty God.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto signed my name and affixed the Privy Seal of the State, at the City of Albany, this first day of November, one thousand eight hundred and forty-nine.

[L. S.] HAMILTON FISH.

By order of the Governor:
ROBERT H. MORRIS, Private Secretary.

Regents of the University.—At a meeting of the Regents of the University, held at the Executive Chamber yesterday:

Present—The Governor, Secretary of State, John Greig, G. Y. Lansing, A. C. Paige, Erastus Corning, Gideon Hawley, P. M. Wetmore and David Buel.

The Honorable John Greig, of Ontario, senior regent and vice-chancellor, was unanimously chosen Chancellor of the University of New York, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Peter Wendell, M. D.

Mr. Greig having declined the appointment, the Hon. Gerrit Y. Lansing, of Albany, was unanimously chosen Chancellor.

The honorary degrees of L. L. D. was conferred upon Salem Town, Esq. of Cayuga county.—*Albany Argus, 1st.*

Norfolk County, Mass.—The union ticket for Senators in this county is: CHARLES F. ADAMS of Quincy, EZRA WILKINSON of Dedham, MILTON M. FISHER of Medway. It was accepted unanimously by the Free Soil Convention, and by the Democratic Convention, with four dissenting voices.

Canadian Annexation.—Resolutions in favor of the Annexation of Canada to the United States have been introduced into both Houses of the Vermont Legislature. Papers of all parties advocate the measure, too, together with political meetings and Conventions in all parts of the Northern States. The following resolution was recently adopted by the "Free Democracy" of Putnam Co. Illinois, on motion of Harvey B. Leeper, the Secretary of the meeting:

Resolved, That we are in favor of the peaceful annexation of Canada to the United States, and that we will use all legal and peaceable means to that effect.

Annexation in New Brunswick—Extract (in Montreal *Courier*) from a private letter, dated St. Johns, New Brunswick, 17th September:

"The feeling for independence and annexation is more widely spread in this province than I believe it to be in Canada. You are distracted by local politics. We are not; and can agree in a more important line of duty. The only difficulty in the way is, our leading men hesitate about taking a bold stand, although I believe every man of them is favorable to annexation. Let that stand once be taken, and the thing will rapidly gather head."

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY CAUSE IN WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS. Two or more agents of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society will visit the Western part of the State, and holds meetings there, during the month of November, according to appointments hereafter to be announced. Communications from any of our friends in Western Massachusetts may be sent to the undersigned, at Springfield, care of E. D. Hudson.

SAMUEL MAY, JR.,
General Agent Mass. A. S. Society.

CONVENTION AT WESTFIELD MASS.

An Anti-Slavery Convention will be held in WESTFIELD, in the Town Hall, commencing on Saturday Nov. 10, at 2 o'clock, P. M., and continuing through Sunday the 11th.

CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, SAMUEL MAY, JR., and LUCY STONE, on behalf of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, will attend this meeting.

CHARLES C. BURLEIGH,

Will give Anti-Slavery lectures as follows:

West Springfield, (Ireland parish)	Thursday, Nov.	8.
Springfield	Friday, "	9.

LUCY STONE,

An agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, will lecture on Thursday and Friday evenings (Nov. 8 and 9) in SOUTHAMPTON, Mass.

Married.

In Nantasket, Massachusetts, October 25, Solomon J. Beal, of Cohasset, to Miss Jane W., daughter of Paul Worrick, Esq. of N.

In Springfield, Massachusetts, George Walker, Esq., to Sarah D., daughter of the Honorable George Bliss, all of S.

In this city, on the 30th ultimo, by Rev. Pierre M Irving, ALBERT GALLATIN to HARRIET DUER, daughter of the late Morris Robinson, Esq.

In Philadelphia, on the 23d ultimo, at Friends' Meeting, WARNER M. RASIN to JOANNA PARKER, both of Philadelphia.

In Boston, 26th ultimo, by Revs. T. B. Fox, Mr. STEPHEN H. GRAUPNER to Miss MARY ANN, daughter of Caleb G. LORING, Esq.

In Porthmouth N. H., on the 29th ultimo, at St. John's Church, by the Rev. Dr. Burrough's ARCH H. LOWREY, Esq of the city of New York, to FRANCES ANSTRISS second daughter of Hon. Levi Woodbury.

Died.

In this city, October 31, T. Handasyde Perkins, 3rd, to Elizabeth Jones, second daughter of Ebenezer Chadwick, Esq.

At Offenbach on the Maine, on the 4th September, in the 75th year of his age, Carl Ferdinand Becker, M. D. a distinguished scholar and philologist.

In this city, at 22 Clark St. a few days since, CHARLOTTE DROSE, a respectable colored woman, aged ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN YEARS.

At Albany October 29th, Dr. PETER WENDELL, Chancellor of the University of the State of New York, aged 64 years.

Died on Thursday October 11, at Pokeepsie, ELIZABETH W. daughter of Luther Whitmore, formerly of this city.

In Albany, on Thursday last, Mrs MARY SMITH VAN BUREN, wife of Smith Van Buren, son of ex-President Van Buren.

At New Haven, on the 1st instant, ELIZUR GOODRICH in the 89th year of his age.

SIXTEENTH

National Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

The Committee of the National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, deeply feeling their responsibility to the holy cause of Freedom and Humanity with which they are identified, have resolved anew to make their exertions for its promotion correspond with the greatness of its demands and the rapidity of its progress.

It is unnecessary at this late day to enter upon any formal exposition of the principles and measures of the American Anti-Slavery Society to the support of which the funds resulting from this effort are devoted. The language of our last year's Call will express better than any other our present convictions of its necessity and value. "Years of close observation of its righteous principles and uncompromising practical workings assure us that it has the elements of success. It continually sends forth lecturers to enforce the principles of justice and humanity among the people, and in a few years is found thereby to have exercised a controlling influence for good throughout the country. It dictates the course and bends the policy of every political party: and speaking as it does from a height above their selfish personal struggles, its words of everlasting truth are heard and more and more obeyed. ....It has no local attachments, no sectarian or partisan partialities, no hidden aim, no double purpose." With this Society—in a word, rests the hope of the American Slave. Its continuance and increased success, the number of its agents and the circulation of its periodicals depend greatly on the amount of funds which we through this yearly effort are enabled to place at its disposal.

We regard the importance of the American Anti-Slavery Society as paramount to that of any other Anti-Slavery organization, and of course its claims for help and sympathy paramount to those of any other. Boston and its environs indeed supply us with a market, but with a trifling exception barely sufficient to remunerate the expense of Anti-Slavery advertisements, not a cent of our receipts are expended in Massachusetts. In sustaining the Cause in her own borders, she asks no aid from beyond them, but relies entirely on her own efforts

These being our circumstances, we appeal to Abolitionists EVERYWHERE, earnestly invoking of each aid and assistance proportionate alike to the dignity and necessity of the work we have undertaken. We are labouring for the establishment of those foundation principles on which the rights of all men must of necessity rest. Therefore to *All* we appeal in confident reliance on that common human heart whose unsophisticated instincts furnish our best hope of success.

The Sixteenth National Anti-Slavery Bazaar will be held in Boston during Christmas week, and all desiring to co-operate with us are requested to communicate with the undersigned.

Anne Warren Weston,	*Louisa Loring,*
M. W. Chapman,	*Mary May,*
Eliza L. Follen.	*Sarah S Russell,*
Ann T. G. Phillips,	*Ann R. Bramhall,*
Susan C. Cabot,	*Helen E. Garrison,*
Catherine Sargent,	*Maria Lowell,*
Henrietta Sargeant,	*Abby Francis,*
Thankful Southwick,	*Harriet T. White,*
Harriet B Hall,	*Mary Gray Chapman,*
Francis Mry Robbins	*Sarah B. Shaw,*
Caroline Weston.	*Evelina A. S. Smith,*
Eliza F. Eddy,	*Hannah Tufts,*
Caroline F. Williams,	*Harriet M Palmer,*
Lydia Parker,	*Mary Willey*
Sarah N. Southwick	*Elizabeth Gay.*

PENNSYLVANIA

ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

The return of the season for our sale prompts us to send forth the word of remembrance to our fellow-laborers in this department of Anti-Slavery work. The success of past years should cheer and incite us to vigorous effort for the present year.

So fully have the various *Circles* throughout our bounds, identified themselves with us in this work, and so much of experience have the past years given us and them that all which we consider now necessary to be done is to revert to the necessity of continued effort on the part of all who feel that to them must not come the folding of the hands, nor the repose of him whose labour is accomplished, while the slave is driven by the merciless task-master, and our brother continues weary and heavy laden.

We would earnestly invite the co-operation of all those who sympathize with the slave, and would help to overthrow a system at war with all the dearest rights of humanity, and the most holy relations of life.

We have been appointed by the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society, a Committee to make arrangements for the Fair to be held the close of this year. Any persons wishing information may communicate with any member of the Committee.

Sarah Pugh,
Sarah A. M. Kim,
Huldah Justice,
Maria M. Davis,
Mary T. Stickney,
Emma Parker,
Rebecca Plumley,
Elizabeth Davis,
Janette Jackson,
Elizabeth Carman,
Martha Corman,
Margaret Jones,
A Matilda Cassey,
Clementine G. Ruby,
Sarah T Child,
Anna M. Child,
Anna M Hopper,
Mary Grew,
Elizabeth Gay,
Hannah W. Haydock,
Theresa K. Hallowell,
Margaret A Griscom,
Hannah L Stickney,
Esther Reckless,
Gertrude H Burleigh,
Emily A. Wendell,
Harriet D. Purvis,
Margaretta Forten,
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A CONGRESSIONAL, AGRICULTURAL, AND LITERARY NEWSPAPER.

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The time is full of interest. The coming in of a new administration—the consequent broaching of a new policy touching the internal concerns of the country—the new and most important issues arising from the late vast accession to the public domain, and the great national objects associated with it—the impending difficulty in our relations with France, and the possible complication of our affairs with the troubles of Europe—conspire to create great expectation as to the proceedings of the next Congress. The approaching session will probably continue till late in the summer of 1850. The debates, from the agitation of so many questions of vital interest to the republic, will draw forth all the talent of the national legislature. To bring its deliberations home to the people, on each succeeding day, while measures are maturing, is, in effect, to bring the whole nation into council. The discussion, spreading from the Capitol to the remotest parts of the Union, forms a public opinion which re-acts upon Congress and controls its decisions.

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Miscellany.

THE PRISONS OF PARIS AND THEIR TENANTS.

It is long since it was possible to connect any romantic sentiment with the prisons of this country: they are essentially prosaic edifices; and it is well that they are so, for prisons cease to be poetical when they cease to be the habitations of the innocent, or the deadly instruments of irresponsible power. A prison now is simply a large house, well lighted and warmed with stone stairs and floors, where every inmate has a wholesome and sufficient diet, and needs nothing but liberty to be tolerably comfortable. A prison in former times was a horrid fortress, with sombre passages, damp, dark dungeons, and scanty and unwholesome fare, whilst the walls echoed with the cries of the tortured, the rattling of chains, and moans of the wretched. Like ours, the prisons of Paris have undergone great ameliorations: and the *oubliettis*, the iron cages, the *souterrains* of the Grand Chatelet, and the starvings and torturings, are all tales of other times. The last person put to the rack was Damiens, who attempted the life of Louis XV., in 1759; and to Louis XVI. is due the honor of abolishing this cruel and fallacious mode of extorting confession. To this unfortunate monarch, too, the prisoners of Conciergerie owed a great improvement in their condition both as regarded their diet and habitation. Little did he dream that the masons and carpenters he employed in constructing those cells were preparing a chamber for the queen of France!

In spite of these ameliorations, however, the Conciergerie retains much of its originally dismal aspect. It was the first prison in the ancient city of Paris, then called Lutetia, and was rather hollowed out of the earth than erected on its surface. There it has stood through all the civil wars, the despotisms, the tyrannies, the jealousies, the revolutions, gaping for the victims of each party alternately flung into its relentless maw! What groans, what cries, what curses, what threats, have these implacable stones not heard! It is to be regretted that the archives of the Conciergerie do not carry us farther back than the early years of the seventeenth century. Up to that period the registers are so torn and defaced as to be illegible. The first sentence distinctly recorded is that pronounced on Ravaillac for the assassination of Henry IV. Ravaillac was a Jesuit and a fanatic; and when examined before the Parliament, and questioned as to his occupation, he answered that he "taught children to read, to write, and to pray to God." It would make our readers shudder were we to describe the frightful details of his punishment, though it might make some discontented souls, who think the present days the worst the world has seen, return thanks to Heaven, for not having lived in an age when such horrors could be perpetrated without calling forth the indignant protest of all Europe.

It was from the Conciergerie that the Maréchale d'Ancre, Eleonora Galigai, the favorite of Mary de Medicis, was led to execution in 1617; and it gives one a lamentable notion of the morality of those times, that she was condemned on the plea of Judaism and sorcery, when, in fact, private jealousy and cupidity were the real and only motives of her persecutors. She made several remarkable answers in the course of her examinations; one less known than the others, and quite as striking, was given on being interrogated as to the use she made of certain books found in her hotel. "Those books," she said, "had taught her that she knew nothing."

It was not till nearly the end of the reign of Louis XIII. that the police of Paris attained any sort of efficiency; nor was it till then that they succeeded in somewhat relieving the city of the pestiferous swarms of thieves and assassins by whom it was haunted. These wretches chiefly inhabited a spot called La Cour des Miracles, out of which they nightly sallied to the mortal terror of the well disposed inhabitants. Into this immense den the officers of justice durst not attempt to penetrate, where, under dark, low roofs, built of earth and mud, the days were passed in every sort of vice, gluttony amongst the number: it being a standing rule in the Cour des Miracles that all gains should be spent immediately, and no reserves made for the following day. Betwixt this nest of thieves and the prisoners of the Conciergerie a system of communication was established by means of the hunting-horn. Into this science of sounds the young thieves were regularly initiated against the evil day, when they should exchange the outside of those walls for the inside: whilst the secret was so carefully kept, that nobody else could interpret the signals.

We pass over the Brinvilliers and the Voisins—the poisoners of the seventh century—about whom so much has been written, to take a glance at one of the successors in the Conciergerie; that fine gentleman who, at a masquerade where he was elbowing the most fashionable women of Paris, with his hat cocked on one ear, and a sword at his side, befrilled and belaced, was tapped on the shoulder by an agent of the police, who whispered in his ear *Cartouche!* What an event for the city that for ten years had been pillaged and ravaged by this famous robber, and what a shock to the fine ladies, many of whose hearts had been touched by his gay and gallant bearing! For three months did his adventures and confessions satisfy the appetite of the Parisians for news; nothing was talked of but Cartouche—everybody forgot everything else to think of him. Poems and plays were got up in all haste to meet the public taste; and one dramatist, Monsieur Le Grange, waited upon the criminal in the Conciergerie for the purpose of obtaining the most minute particulars of his life.

"And when will your piece be produced?" courteously inquired Cartouche, when he had given every information desired.

"On the very day of your execution!" replied the dramatist with enthusiasm. Cartouche politely wished success to the author; and they took leave of each other with the greatest urbanity. We see by this instance that the pernicious and ridiculous custom of converting criminals into heroes is by no means so modern an invention as it is sometimes supposed to be. Robber and assassin as he was, Cartouche had his own grain of enthusiasm too. He said to Guignaud, the Jesuit priest who attended him in his last moments, that he considered all the crimes he had committed as mere pecadilloes compared to the frightful treason with which their order had been sullied by Ravaillac.

"For my own part," said he, "I had so great a respect for the memory of Henry IV., that had a victim I was pursuing taken refuge under his statue on the Pont Neuf, I would have spared his life!"

The immediate neighborhood of the Conciergerie to the revolutionary tribunal kept it always full during that crisis; and for some time the political victims of every sex, age, and rank, were mingled pell-mell with the most abandoned criminals, men and women. After a time, a classification was attempted into what they called *pailleux*, or the lyers on straw, who were well-nigh devoured by rats and vermin; *pistoliers*, who, being able to pay for a bed, shared a miserable mattress with some companion in misfortune; and *secrets*, which last were confined in horrible dungeons beneath the level of the river. When, to add to its other miseries, a famine desolated the unhappy city, the captives in the Conciergerie felt their share of the calamity. The government ceasing to make any allowance for food, the rich prisoners were forced to support the poor; and a man's fortune was now estimated by the number of sans-culottes he fed, as it had formerly been by the number of his horses, grooms, and dogs. Of course, under these circumstances, there was a great deal of sickness; and at length there was a simulation of an infirmary established, where, according to Mr. Banthelmy Maurice, ten applications at least were necessary to procure the most trifling medicine; whilst the doctor, who for form's sake visited the sick, had one prescription, which he never varied, for all his patients. Jesting in their misery, they used to call it *la selle a tous chevaux* (the saddle that fitted every horse.) One day the doctor, feeling the pulse of a patient, observed that he was better than he had been the day before. "Yes, citizen," replied the infirmary nurse, "he is better; but, by the by, it's not the same—that one is dead, and this is another that has taken his place."

Besides human keepers, almost all the prisons of Paris, during the revolution, made use of canine ones. The Conciergerie had a famous dog called Ravage, a zealous and implacable beast, who hated the prisoners, and was thought incorruptible. However, one morning, Ravage was found with an assignat of five francs tied to his tail, on which it was inscribed that this faithful guardian had yielded to the seduction of a pound of sheep's trotters. The corrupters of Ravage succeeded in making their escape.

From one of the dungeons of the Conciergerie General Beauharnois wrote his last affecting farewell to his wife, the future empress of the French, which she—Josephine—read to Napoleon Bonaparte at their first interview, and won his heart.

The heroic Charlotte Corday spent the short interval betwixt her crime and the scaffold, in this prison; and here, also, was celebrated that famous last supper of the Girondins, on the night preceeding their execution, where, till five o'clock in the morning, when the jailors summoned them to meet their fate, those dull walls echoed to the bons-mots, the songs and the jests, as well as to the poetry and philosophy, of some of the finest wits in Paris. There are old men now alive, who remember to have heard a young beggar girl, shortly after this famous banquet, singing in the streets a song improvised by Ducos at that supper. Showers of tears fell from her eyes as she sang; and it was said that she had gone mad for love of the poet, whom she had seen led to execution.

We will only refer, for the purpose of mentioning one anecdote, to Marshal Ney, who, in 1815, passed through the gates of the Conciergerie to the scaffold. A few nights after Ney's death, Monsieur Bellart, who was public prosecutor at the time, and whose name was painfully mixed up with the fate of the marshal, had assembled at his hotel a brilliant party of fashionables. In dancing, singing, laughing, talking, the evening had passed gaily away, and it was nearly midnight when the large folding-doors of the saloon were suddenly thrown open, and a footman, with a loud and clear voice, announced 'Monsieur le Maréchal Ney!' The music ceased; the dancers stood still: the words died away on the lips of the speakers; every eye was turned to the door; a gentleman approachod in deep mourning. It was Monsieur le Maréchal Ainé, whom the bewildered lackey had understood to announce himself as Monsieur le Maréchal Ney!

In spite of all ameliorations, the Conciergerie still bears the mark of its feudal origin; and the dungeons below the level of the Seine, in which the keeper has authority to confine any of his flock that give him dissatisfaction, are a disgrace to civilization.

The prison of St. Lazare, so called because it stands on the site of an ancient hospital for lepers, contained within its walls some years ago an interesting inmate commonly known as La Folle des Rosses. One morning, shortly after the Restoration, some laborers going to their work found the body of a soldier who had apparently been assassinated, and close at hand a young girl, who was well known in the neighborhood. On seeing the men approach, she attempted to escape; but they stopped her, and as she either could not or would not account for her being there at that early hour, she was arrested under suspicion. On being interrogated, the said that she had been on the preceeding evening at a fête with some young companions, where she had danced and amused herself like the rest. In their company she had returned to her father's house, and when they left her, she had seated herself on a stone bench at the door. She remembered that the evening breeze had borne to her a powerful odour from the roses that are cultivated in profusion in that neighborhood; but what happened subsequently she could not tell, as she recollected nothing farther, nor could conceive how she came to be found near the dead soldier. Under these circumstances Marie M——— was committed to St. Lazare: but her confinement was short, it being soon acertained that the soldier had been killed by one of his comrades in a druken fray. The prisoner was free, but public curiosity remained unsatisfied: nobody could make out how she became mixed up with the affair at all, and many persons persisted in believing that she was not altogether innocent of the crime that had been imputed to her.

A year had elapsed, and again the gates of St. Lazare opened to receive Marie M——; and this time she was really convicted of stealing roses. Repeatedly the owners of the flowers had forborne to prosecute, in consideration of her youth; but their patience was exhausted, and she was sent to prison.—Sentence was pronounced upon her as on a common thief; but everything tended to show that her offence should have been considered from another point of view. Some peculiar sensibility to the perfume of the rose, with which the atmosphere of that neighborhood is redolent at certain seasons, appears to have caused a sort of monomaniacal desire to possess the flowers; and the first invasion of the malady had taken place on the night the soldier had been assassinated. Innocent, simple, and almost a child in years, Marie was thrust into this den of impurity, where every vice was rife: but strange to say, the refuse of God's creatures that inhabited the jail understood the poor girl better than the *elite* of the wise who had sent her there. They surnamed her La Rose; and instead of ridiculing her fancies, they pitied and indulged them; they made subscriptions among themselves, and not only procured her real flowers, as far as they were able, but the women obtained gauze and wires, and made artificial ones to please her.

Fortunately, one of the overlookers was sensible and humane enough to encourage, instead of suppressing, this singular charity; and perceiving the dexterity the female prisoners, inspired by good-will, were acquiring in this new art, he established a manufactory of artificial flowers, and set Marie to work amongst the others. She took to this employment with ardor, and at the end of six months she no longer thought that the roses beckoned to her, or that they uprooted themselves from the earth to follow her footsteps; though she always retained a tender reverance for the plant which had been the cause of her misfortune. She became, after her release, one of the most celebrated makers of artificial flowers in Paris, and was one of the principal manufacturers employed by Monsieur de Bernardiere, by whom Louis XVIII. commanded samples of all the indigenous plants in France to be constructed in whalebone.

This poetical lunacy of poor Marie reminds us of that of a lady—young, beautiful and rich—called Mademoiselle Jeanne de Montil, who was surnamed La Folle du Soleil. She believed herself the destined bride of the sun, and declared that the marriage ceremony only waited for the spring, when her *corbeille* would be ready. The corbeille of a French marriage is a basket of the shape of what is used in this country for baby-linen, containing certain elegancies of the toilet—such as jewels, artificial flowers, &c., which are presented by the gentleman. And as the earth began to turn green, the trees to burst into leaf, and the flowers to bloom, she declared that her radiant bridegroom had commanded these exquisite adornments to be ready for the espousals. The very birds, and butterflies, and fruits, were all for her: all nature was busy preparing the corbeille of the Bride of the Sun. Jeanne de Montil was sent to the Salpetriere, the bedlam of Paris, in 1777, where she appears to have been treated with more sense and humanity than was customary at that period. Whether she recovered or died is not recorded.

In returning to St. Lazare, we must advert to the case of the Morins, mother and daughter, rendered interesting by the noble devotion of the latter, a girl scarcely sixteen years of age. In the early part of the year 1806 the Hotel St. Phar was condemned by the tribunal of the Seine to be sold. Two bidders presented themselves—a retired advocate named Ragouleau, and the Widow Morin. The house was knocked down to the lady at the price of 96,000 francs; but it is presumable that she had not the money, as she almost immediately borrowed 100,000 francs of M. Ragouleau, at the ruinous interest of 10 per cent. As, added to this drain, there were several life-annuities secured upon the house, which it fell to the purchaser to pay, it is not surprising that Madame Morin soon found herself in difficulties; whilst Ragouleau, who seems to have been determined to gain his object one way or the other, complicated the *imbroglio* by purchasing the interest of some of the annuitants. It is needless to say that the old lawyer was too much for the widow, who, with her daughter, was soon dispossessed of the Hotel St Phar, and themselves obliged to set up a small diary, as a means of earning their subsistance.

A gloss of external civility, however, appears to have been maintained betwixt the parties; insomuch that the widow invited Ragouleau to breakfast on a certain day, and afterwards to accompany her and her daughter to a house in the country, that she wished to purchase. The lawyer accepted the invitation; but when he came, he declined either eating or drinking, under pretext of indisposition. A coach was therefore called from the stand and they started, desiring the man to drive them to Clignancourt; but at the barriers the carriage was surrounded by agents of police, who accompanied them to their destination. On arriving there the house was searched, and it was discovered that the vents and air-holes of the cellars had been stopped up, so that no sound should escape to the exterior; and that every preparation had been made for the strange enterprise they had planned, which was to force Ragouleau to sign certain papers, which should restore to the Morin family the property of which they had so cunningly deprived them. The instruments to effect this object were all ready—pistols, powder and balls, a gallows and chain, and a table, on which were writing implements and a couple of lighted candles. It appeared that the women had been practising pistol-firing in the cellars, and that Ragouleau had been warned of his danger.

When brought up for examination, Mademoiselle Morin assumed the whole burthen of the crime, which seems to have been rather the childish scheme of two distressed and inexperienced women, there being no reason to believe that anything worse than intimidation was intended. She spoke of her mother with the most enthusiastic affection; declaring also that they had been wrought upon by a secret agent of the police, a woman, who first seduced, and then informed against them; and although Madame Morin also desired to appropriate the responsibility of the offence, her daughter boldly contradicted her, pleading against herself with the advocate-general, as if she had been prosecutor instead of defendant. The woman, she said, persuaded her to the undertaking; but nothing but her own prayers and tears, reinforced by the extremity of their distress, had won her mother to countenance the plot.

"I have revealed the whole truth," said she to the court; "I have neither concealed nor disguised anything. If an example must be made, let the chastisement fall upon me. I know little of life but its sorrows; and for my own part have nothing to lose or regret: but spare my mother?" Stifled by her sobs and tears, she ceased speaking, and sat down; but seeing her mother advancing to claim her share of the penalty, this noble young girl arose, and in tones of agony entreated he judges not to listen to her. "Have mercy, my lords! have mercy!" she cried, 'and do not believe her. She has a son, a child, that needs her protection. Let her live for him!"

Madame Morin and her daughter were condemned to twenty years hard labor in the prison of St. Lazare.

The mother submitted to her fate with positive resignation; but Mademoiselle Morin did more—she had the strength of mind not only to submit to, but to accept her destiny; and in that pestilential atmosphere, surrounded by vice and depravity on every side, did this young girl disclose virtues that entitle her name to be placed beside that of Elizabeth Fry. She first engaged the attention and respect of her fellow prisoners by her devotion to her mother, on whom she never ceased to lavish the tenderest cares, and whose imposed labor she took upon herself to perform whenever permission could be obtained.

They began by respecting, and ended by loving her; and such was the influence she obtained, that after a few years, young as she was, she was appointed superintendent of the workmen. Here her noble qualities found a wide field for their exercise, especially amongst the unfortunate young females whom early neglect and bad example had driven to perdition. It seems to have been long before public gratitude offered any testimony to these virtues, exercised under circumstances so trying. It was not till the term of their imprisonment had nearly expired, that Madame Morin and her daughter received a free pardon, and were restored to liberty.

FAMILY NOMENCLATURE.

THE *Evening Post* makes the followiag extracts from a new English work, bearing the above title, from the pen of Mark Antony Lower.

"When worthy Master Horn, famous for his living, preaching and writing, lay on his death bed, (rich only in goodness and in children,) his wife made womanish lamentations what would become of her little ones? "Peace, Sweetheart," said he, "that God who feedeth the Ravens will not starve the *herns*" (Herons,) "a speech," says Fuller, censured as light by some, observed by others as prophetical; as indeed it came to pass, they were all well disposed of"—akin to this, were the words of John Huss at his burning; who, fixing his eyes steadfastly on the spectators, said with a solemn voice, "They burn a *goose*, but in a hundred years, a *swan* will arise out of the ashes," words which many have regarded as a prediction of the reformer of Eisleben; the name of Huss, signifying a *Goose*, and that of Luther, a *Swan*."

The following is of a more humorous cast, "As Mr. Jay, the eminent non-conformist of Bath, and his friend Mr. Fuller, were taking an evening walk, an owl crossed their path, on which Mr. Fuller said to his companion "Pray sir, is that bird a *jay?*" "No sir," was the reply, "its not like a jay—its *fuller* in the eyes, and *fuller* in the head, and *fuller* all over!"

"It is related in Collin's Peerage, that a certain unmarried lady once dreamed of finding a *nest* containing seven young *finches*, which in course of time was realized by her becoming the wife of Mr. Finch, and mother of *seven* children. From one of these nestlings is descended the present earl of Winchelsa who still retains the surname of Finch.

"It is an inquiry not devoid of some interest. What would the annals of mankind and the records of biography be, if people had never borne proper names? "*Sine nomine homo non est.*"

In the first ages of the world, a single name was sufficient for each individual: "*nomen olim apud omnes fere gentes simplex*"—and that name was generally *invented* for the person, in allusion to the circumstances attending his birth, or to some personal quality he possessed, or which his parents fondly hoped he might in future possess.

The Greeks commonly named their infants on the *tenth* day after birth, on which occasion a hospitable entertainment was given by the parents to their friends, and sacrifices were offered to the gods. Thus, in the "Birds" of Aristophanes, we read,

"On the tenth day I offered sacrifice,
And as a child's her name imposed."

Of *sur* names, Du Cange says, they were at first written, not in a direct line *after* the Christian name, but *above* it, *between the lines*, and hence they were called in Latin, *supranomina*, in Italian *supranome*, and in French *surnoms*—"over names." Those who contend for the non-identity of the two words, assert that, although every surname is not a sir-name—a question which I shall not tarry to discuss.

The Highlanders of Scotland employed the sire name with Mac, and hence our Macdonalds, and Maccartys—meaning, respectively, the son of Donald and Arthur. The Irish had the practice (probably derived from the patriarchal ages,) of prefixing Oy or O, signifying *grandson*—as O'Hara, O'Neale—a form still retained in many Hiberian surnames.

It is related in the Encyclopædia Perthensis, that an antiquated Scottish dame used to make it a matter of boasting, that she had trod the world's stage long enough to possess *one hundred oyes*,

Many of the Irish also use Mac. According to the following distich, the titles Mac and O' are not merely what the logicians call accidents, but altogether essential to the very being and substance of an Irishman:

Per Mac atque O, tu veros cognoscis Hibernos
His doubus demptis, nullus Hibernus adest.

Which has been translated:

By Mac and O,
You'll always know
True Irishmen, they say,
For if they lack
Both O' and Mac,
No Irishmen are they."

The old Normans prefixed to their names the word "Fitz," a corruption of Fils, and that derived from the Latin Fillus, as Fitz-Hamon, Fitz-Gilbert. The peasantry of Russia, who are some centuries behind the same class in other countries, affix the termination "Witz," (which seems to have some affinity to the Norman Fitz,) to their names; thus, Peter Paulowitz, for Peter, the son of Paul. The Poles employ *Sky* in the same sense, as James *Petrowsky*, James, the son of Peter.

Until a comparatively recent period, no surnominal adjunct was used in Wales, beyond *ap*, or *son*, as David-*ap-Howell*, Evan-*ap-Rhys*, Griffith-*ap-Roger*, John-*ap-Richard*, now very naturally corrupted into *Powell*, *Price*, *Prodger*, and *Pritchard*. It was not unusual, even but a century back, to hear of such combinations as Evan-ap-Griffith-ap-David-ap-Jenkin, and so on to the seventh or eighth generation, so that an individual carried his pedigree in his name. The following curious description of a Welshman occurs 15 Henry 8: "Morgane Philip alias dicto Morgano vap-David vap-Philip."

The church of Llangollen, in Wales, is said to be dedicated to St. Collen-ap-Gwynnawg-ap-Clyndawg-ap-Courda-ap-Caradoc-Freichfras-ap-Lynn. Merim-ap-Einion--Yrth-ap--Cunedda--Wledig, a name that casts that of the Dutchman, *Inkeezvankodsdorspauckinkadrachdern*, into the shade.

To burlesque this ridiculous species of nomenclature, some seventeenth-century wag described *cheese* as being—

"Adam's own cousin-german by its birth.
Ap-Curds-ap-Milk-ap-Cow-ap-Grass-ap-Earth."

An Englishman, riding one dark night among the mountains, heard a cry of distress, proceeding apparently from a man who had fallen into a ravine near the highway, and on listening more attentively, heard the words, "Help, master, help," in a voice truly Cambrian. "Help! what—Who are you?" inquired the traveller. "Jenkin-ap-Griffith-ap-Robin-ap-William-ap-Rees-ap-Evan," was the response. "Lazy *fellows*, that ye be," rejoined the Englishman, setting spurs to his horse, "to lie rolling in that hole *half a dozen of ye*, why, in the name of common sense, don't ye help *ons another out?*"

MOUNT HELVELLYN AND INCIDENTS CONNECTED THEREWITH.

"In the spring of 1805, Charles Gough, of Manchester, perished by losing his way over the mountain Helvellyn. His remains were not discovered until three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier, his constant attendant during his solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland."

I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and wide;
All was still save by fits when the eagle was yelling;
And, starting around me the echoes replied.
On the right Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was bending,
And Catchedecam its left verge was defending;
One huge nameless rock in the front was impending,
When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer died.

Dark green was that spot, 'mid the brown mountain heather,
Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretched in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast, abandon'd to weather,
Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay;
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For faithful in death, his mute favorite attended;
The much loved remains of his master defended,
And chased the hill fox and the raven away.

How long did'st thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind waved through his garment, how oft did'st thou start?
How many long days and long weeks did'st thou number?
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And oh! was it meet, that,—no requiem read o'er him,
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian! alone stretch'd before him,—
Unhonored the pilgrim from life should depart?

When a prince to the fate of a peasant has yielded,
The tap'stry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
With escutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall;
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are gleaming,
In the proudly arch'd chapel the banners are beaming;
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature!
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,
When, wildered he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam;
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover flying,
With but one faithful friend to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Helvellyn and Catchedecam.

[WALTER SCOTT.

On reading, in a recent periodical, the interesting but mournful recital of the death of Charles Gough, to which the above poetry so affectingly relates, and admiring the description of the sublime scenery that surrounded his remains, I could not help exclaiming, 'Many times I too have 'climbed the dark brow,' and 'marked the sad spot where the wanderer died'" The perusal brought numerous recollections vividly to mind; some of which may not be unacceptable to your readers.

There lived at the foot of this monarch of the English mountains, probably for upwards of four score years and ten, a remarkable individual, named Matthew Jopson, shepherd, guide and landlord of the little inn at Wytheburn. He and his peculiarities were familiar to many tourists in Europe and America. He was indeed a well-known man of independent character, and no respecter of persons: all classes were alike welcome to this rural hostelrie among the wilds of Cumberland, known by the sign of the Nag's Head.

Jopson was a keen wit after his own fashion—quite an original! about middle sized, and not remarkably robust, yet conscious of his own integrity, he feared the strength of no man; and wo betide the thoughtless stranger that dared exulting liberties with his person or place, venturing the random jest, especially any thing belonging to the "beloved district" of old Matthew; for he might consider himself well off if he received not a lash of humor or reproof, the cutting effects of which would remain graven upon him for days or weeks to come!

"Mine host" would cheaply entertain his civil guests—be they rich or poor—with the very best his house and land could afford, and he would store them with well told anecdotes, relative to his native locality of rugged rock and waterfall. This, by the open-hearted and generous, was received as pleasing or interesting intelligence; but by the cynical, it was deemed the fruit of garrulous old age. No matter, Matthew went on with his story; for he had seen wonders in his long day. Once he had visited the "Great Mercantile Metropolis" itself possibly on a mission concerning poor Gough, whose relations lived at Manchester. Here he beheld as he thought, old Babylon in perfection! but the most attractive passages in his life were those connected with his guests, and the incidents and adventures of his own neighborhood. Walter Scott, by a visit, patronised the Nag's Head and old Matthew Jopson, shortly after the melancholy event, or rather the finding of poor Gough's remains. The landlord guided the poet to the summit of Helvellyn, pointing out to him, and naming, with acurate intelligence, the most striking objects in view, particularly "Striden Edge," "Catchedecam," "Red Tarn," and "The huge nameless Rock," all made doubly interesting by the matchless piece resulting, and which so faithfully, powerfully, and beautifully described this real scene of majestic grandeur, and of deep-toned sympathy for poor Gough.

Matthew Jopson might be the "other shepherd," mentioned in the periodical, who accompanied "George Young," of Patterdale, when, by accident, was discovered all that remained of this "Pilgrim of Nature." Matthew told me all that he knew respecting this painful occurrence, and that he was assuredly by at the gathering up of the blanched bones. He was intimately acquainted with "the wanderer," and had often wondered so many unclaimed letters were lying for him at the Nag's Head: he had begun to grow a little uneasy about him, but reconciled himself with the supposition, that, as Gough was a great but solitary rambler amongst the lakes and mountains, "he would be turning up some day," as he had often previously done after the absence of many months.

There was no flesh upon the bones, and the clothes of the body were torn to rags, so that poor Gough was only identified by a document in his pocket book, which was the minute of disownment issued by Hardshaw Monthly Meeting in consequence of his having joined "The Manchester Volunteers," whereby he forfeited his membership in the religious Society of Friends. The remains were interred in the grave-yard at Terril Meeting-house, and I believe old Matthew told me he attended the funeral.

The dog had pupped, but her pups were dead.—During the three months' ceaseless watching, this faithful terrier had fed, not upon her own offspring (as some imagine,) but upon the wild birds which had come to feed upon her master. This was presumable from the pups appearing untouched, except by the weather, and from the quantity and variety of wings and feathers which strewed the bonnie green sward; for although the poor man had fallen from the rocks of Stridenedge, and the place around was extremely wild and rocky, yet his death-bed consisted of a beautiful dark green verdure, on soft mossy grass. The dog had protected her endeared master with savage tenacity, and it was not till the shepherds had hunted her down with other dogs, that they could secure her and gather up his bones. She was in good condition, but either from loneliness, echo, or other causes of trouble, she had grown desperately wild and furious; and on being taken and conveyed to the friends of the deceased, it was said that she refused all food, and shortly after died of grief.

Besides Scott, another sweet poet has commemorated this wonderful part of the touching event. He says—

"The dog, which still was hovering nigh,
Repeating the same timid cry,
This dog had been, through *three* months' space,
A dweller in that savage place.

Yes! proof was plain that, since the day
When this ill fated traveller died,
The dog had watched about the spot,
Or by its master's side:

How nourished here, through such long time,
He knows who gave that love sublime;
And gave that strength of feeling great,
Above all human estimate." [WORDSWORTH.

Besides the poet's, old Jopson was also the philosopher's friend. He was intimately acquainted with JOHN DALTON, of Manchester, who for many years made an annual pilgrimage to Helvellyn, generally finding snow in the middle of summer. High up in the *tift* of the mountain, there issues a pure stream of water, said to be the coldest in England. This, in honor of our friend, the celebrated chemist, who often tested and analyzed the spring, is called "John Dalton's Well." A few years back, Dalton called as usual to see his friend Jopson, then confined to bed of sheer old age. It was reported that the old guide became so affected at parting, as to expire almost immediately after the interview, and before the philosopher had quitted the house. This I am inclined to doubt. However, he did not survive the last look many hours. Peace be to his *manes!* He was an honest man!—and peace be to John Dalton, who followed shortly after to that "Bourne from whence no traveller returns!"

The present landlord of the Nag's Head married the daughter of Matthew Jopson. He was my first guide up Helvellyn, and repeated, on the summit, Scott's inimitable piece, from which I could descry the points alluded to without the help of my guide—so true to nature does the poet describe the scene!—The man was *then* a young atheletic shepherd of great locomotive power, and with an eye penetrating as that of the hawk which preys in the forest; *now* alas! unable to walk, he is confined chiefly to the ingle nook. He is said to have lost the use of his limbs from having, in one day, made three ascents to the top of Helvellyn and being mired in the bogs.—To the truth of this I cannot fully affirm; but certainly his limbs are paralyzed, and his speech is strangely broken into a double voice—equally true is it, that such an herculean task as he is said to have performed, could not be justified by the law of prudence. Like the hardy natives of his own locality, he continues to maintain that true dignity of character and manner, so justly admired in the mountaineers of the Lake district of Lancashire, Wesmoreland, and Cumberland—a district which every person of taste, possessing health, leisure, and ability, ought to visit for innocent recreation. At any rate, I think no Englishman can be excused who travels abroad in search of the picturesque, until he has first given himself the opportunity of enjoying these grand sublimities of his own land; which may emphatically be denominated, the beautiful of the beautiful earth, neither made nor marred by the ingenuity and labor of men, but left as modelled and formed by the Great Architect Himself, who said—BE THUS! AND THEY WERE!

J. H. M.

7th Month, 28th, 1849. [*British Friend*

The (London) *Non-Conformist* is publishing a series of articles by a Mr. Neville Williams, entitled "Leaves from Life, picked up during Fourteen years' residence in the West Indies," from one of which we take the following amusing and instructive account of the emancipated slaves:

—But to return. The schoolmaster was abroad, and the revolution was commencing. Very strange must it have been for a people whose superstitious reverence for book-learning made them regard the white man as a demi-god, to have the book in their own hands, and to be at liberty to be wise. And no one wonders at the ludicrous avidity of the old negroes, especially to possess a book of some sort, although to read it was out of the question. Many a time I have seen an old steady fellow of eighty years with a book on his knee—upside down, of course—absolutely possessed with the idea that he knew what was in the book, and to his own great comfort reading aloud out of his head, and pretending, to those around, that it was out of the book. Very likely the strain would be like this—such soliloquies I have frequently listened to:—"Now, my brodders, we got the book, and white man not able to say we is fools of niggers again. Now we get the book is another story we read here. The Great Spirit make us all; but buckra* and the Great Spirit can't agree.—'Cause why? 'Cause the buckra take too much exvantage of the black man. Then the Great Spirit say that won't do; black man's clay and white man's clay all one—all the same thing, like two bricks, one red and one white; but you see, friends, it is the same clay. But the Great Spirit say black man is very savage, and want to fight like that time he kill English Governor Macarthur at Ashantee: that kind of fight done with my brodders; it done with like you take a something and hide it in the bottom of the grave; it can't be touched again. The Great Spirit say he have a new sword; he shall give black man one little book, and he shall make the saucy Englishman say black man can read like himself. The maugre dog have sharp teeth, my friends, and this little book do more than the sword; for he cut buckra and he cut black all down to our level, and make them stand the same size before the Great Spirit. T'other day, when we all stupid, our heart stand open like a well without a cover, and all kinds of nasty—nasty things fall in; now the book come, large book and little book, and cover up this poor, open heart; and now, when we go drink, all the water fresh like the dew, and sweet like a pineapple. Ah! my brodders, the book is something for true; the book cheat devil and buckra too; man no make the book; the Great Spirit make the first book, and tell man he may copy it if he can!"

In listening to such impromptus, one is always struck with the kind of recitative, plaintive tone with which they are uttered; the half address and half soliloquy of which they are composed is a peculiarity observable also in many of the extemporaneous prayers of the negroes; and although there is something to laugh at in the gravity with which such things were passed off as real parts of the book; yet there is a vein of satire and of poetry, and good humor too, that shows that the schoolmaster might have gone farther and fared worse.

In my rides from estate to estate, I have seen at the second breakfast hour, as soon as the shell blew, the whole gang of cane-cutters hasten to some quiet spot, and select one of their number, generally on account of extreme age, or of extreme youth, to "spell out" the catechism, or "break up a hymn quite small and fine."

I have gone by the huts of old Africans many a time, old creatures with hands as hard as horns, no longer able to work, and allowed to "*sit down*,"† catechising one another in the utmost simplicity.—"Can you tell me *child* who made you?" and I have heard those who knew as much of the Hegira as of the godly ininstitutions of sponsors, refer with much gravity to the name their godfathers and godmothers gave them at the day of their baptism. However, if there were these eccentricities, they were very harmless; the schoolmaster was holding carnivals, Cadmus his innocent saturnalia; and in the sport the barriers gave way, the black man's soul litted itself up; humanity triumphed—the people were free!

As the *Nonconformist* is circulated pretty widely in most of our West Indian colonies, I have no doubt that many an old Dogberry there will grunt his dissatisfaction at all this, and come out with some such old saw as this,—"for your favor, Sir, give heaven thanks, and make no boast of it, but as for your reading and writing, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity." Granted, that like all other things, this newly-found learning created some confusion; and that the work of the schoolmaster sometimes was an evil one; granted that sometimes the people of the West transported suddenly from the school of Slavery, to the schools of Bell and Lancaster, poured out a Caliban curse on their old masters, —"You taught me language; and my profit on it is, I know how to curse!" still, the evident progress of the islands in the moralities and sanctities of life, abundantly proved the safety and the advantages of the schoolmaster's mission.

Most amusing were the attempts of the people to write; it became the fashion for all to write; no messages could be sent by word of mouth now; it was not respectful; the commonest transactions between next-door neighbors were all done by pen, ink, and paper; some of the people made rapid progress, and I have letters written by negroes that for writing and orthography would do credit to any English rustic.

A black man living near me fancied he had a talent for drawing; and truly he had some; his leisure hours were employed in sketching all kinds of odd things, and painting them: I used to encourage him in this, and frequently gave him pictures to copy.—One day he sent me a mighty daub of a man in tight green trowsers and Wellington boots, holding a pipe and a rake in his hands, looking out on a ship in the distance, in which were men perched comfortably in the sails, and underneath was written, '*this is a South Sea traveller*;' and with it came this note:—"Sir, I have sent you a picture which I was drawing out, but I can't properly frame it: I sent it to you, hoping you will approve of it; but if you don't aprove of it, don't tell me, but put it in some *dark corner of the road*."

The places, however, to see the schoolmaster abroad were the negro chapels: chapels in which no white man officiated, and in which there was no restraint of thought or expression. There is a very large chapel in Kingston of this kind on the Windward road as you go to Morant Bay. At the time I refer to, a venerable old negro, an American, named Killick, was the pastor of the flock. He had a congregation averaging 900, and a large proportion of these were communicants. The old man, by hook or by crook, had raised a commodious chapel: and, as it was a kind of opposition shop to the regular Baptist places connected with English Societies. The authorities of Kingston used to help old Mr. Killick with some very liberal grants of money—the Baptist missionaries were men of intelligence and mettle, and refused colonial subsidies—it was hardly to be expected that our American black preacher should be virtuous enough to resist such a temptation. I went to this chapel one evening to judge for myself. I was politely shown into a pew at once; service had not begun, and I had leisure to look around me. The interior was well fitted up; there was a splendid mahogany pulpit, with its carpeted stairs; an immense chandelier hung from the centre of the place, which, with other candlesticks distributed, gave an abundance of light; presently, eight or ten men, elders of the church, came in under the pulpit, and remained awhile in silent devotion. Several extraordinary hymns were given out, and extemporaneous prayers offered, and nothing but the fear of being thought desirous of casting ridicule on what was the sincere but humble devotion of these unlettered men prevents further allusion to them. The same remark will not apply to the experience which one of the elders was requested to communicate to the church, and which I noted at the time in my book. No one that reads in a generous spirit will think that I would hold up to contempt the meanest of my brother men. Firmly do I believe, that amidst the incoherent jumble that was thus often uttered, there arose pure and fervent feelings of love and trust, acceptable truly to Him who hath made of one blood all nations of the earth to dwell thereon. I don't say the following is not ridiculous, I only say it is better than heathanism. At the request alluded to, an old man rose up, with a large rolling eye, just the ideal of a black fanatic:—"The other day," said he, "I dreamed a dream, and I saw the load of my sins, and I saw a large copper full of boiling water, and a very fierce fire underneath